WEEK ENDING JUNE 7 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue

RING LARDNER

DR. FRANK CRANE

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

How Bobby Jones Overcame His Temper----See Page 3

EDITORIAL PAGE

JUNE 7, 1924

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1
NO. 5

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE MODERN GYPSY

Ways of going change but the gypsy remains. Romany is in the blood of everybody. It makes gypsies. It makes empires. It was in the climb over the mountains from the Piedmont and tidewater, through the gaps and into the farther valleys.

What's beyond the horizon and the sunset and at the end of the rainbow? Where are poppies brighter and roses larger? Where does the sun set behind pines and where behind mountains, where beyond lakes and where beyond plains?

Here in this generous land of broad proportions the modern gypsy may travel with the price of gas in his pocket and a skillet in the old car from the land of the royal palm to the land of the northern pine. He needs only the tin bus, the price of oil and gas, and a bit of bacon and a tin of beans.

He and his family may then go from the hollyhocks of Nantucket to the surge of sea and the mountains of the golden western coast. They may own a continent as their playground.

Tax exempt bonds help them. They give the states money for roads and the states are building them.

Roads are making the national union. An Indiana car is in the valley of the French Broad in North Carolina, a State which has miles and miles of winding ribbon of good roads. Georgia and South Carolina then must bestir to get the Indiana flivver.

The modern gypsy goes into Wisconsin and Michigan for the brook trout season and later for the bass. He goes into Canada and in his ramblings in the Laurentian mountains and towards the northern lakes obliterates a boundary.

He goes into the desert and the mesas. He is peering into the great canyons. He goes easily where the steel jacketed Spaniard won a way with difficulty. He may roll himself in a blanket in regions which the Apache terrorized. He may take the Cumberland Pass or go down the valley of the Mohawk.

Where a great civilization has gone slowly by horse, mule, foot, barge and battalion he may go by the same old roads and passes, now safe and concreted.

He may find the trailing arbutus on the slopes of Pisgah or in the woods of Wisconsin. He may bait for tarpon or make a cast at mountain trout.

The great outdoors of the American republic is here for him. The ancient gypsy went a hundred miles through hostile territory with his tents and pack horses and went slowly and knavishly. The modern gypsy goes in his gas bus and every one says howdy. He may tent where the mountain brook comes splashing down the side or where little waves come rolling in through the pickerel grass to break on the white sand of a lake which has every reflected glory of the western sky.

He may be out in the redwoods or he may go into Yellowstone and see the geysers and the canyons and come out at Cody. He may live all the life of the travel advertisements, the most alluring catalogue of adventure since Columbus, and it's all within the price of gasoline and breakfast bacon.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

JULIAN STREET **begins in our next number a remarkable series of articles detailing the story of a notorious confidence man. It graphically describes the ways and means the "grifter" and his associates use to swindle the public. This series is called "The Confessions of a Grifter." It is one you surely ought not to miss.**

In "Here Comes the Bride," Mary Hanlon, secretary to the rector of "The Little Church Around the Corner," tells the story of the romances surrounding the thousands of marriages performed in that famous edifice.

JULIAN STREET

Watch for It on Newsstands
NEXT WEDNESDAY

June 7, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 5

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. No manuscripts received unless fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage enclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada and Mexico. No subscription for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by the Coloroto Corporation, 25 Park Pl., New York, N. Y., U. S. A., and 431 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary. R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer. S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. Entry as second class applied for at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

How *Bobby Jones* Overcame His Temper

As Told by Bobby Jones

to Patterson McNutt

Home folks hail Bobby Jones, golf champion, at Atlanta.
International Photo

Getting mad is a costly business. If you pack a hair trigger disposition around with you—read these interesting revelations of the national open golf champion.

IN the spring of 1906 a famous medical specialist called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Jones in Atlanta, Georgia. He came to examine their frail five-year-old son.

"There is nothing that can be done for the boy," the physician said after completing the examination. "At best he has only four or five months to live."

Seventeen years later I saw Bobby Jones, the boy who was doomed to death at five, win the American open golf championship at Inwood, Long Island, after an exhausting fight that called for every bit of the stamina that is now contained in his strong and stockily built body. Soon he will defend that championship at the Oakland Hills Country Club in Detroit and, although the odds are always eight to one against a golf champion to repeat, he will be one of the two leading favorites when the open hunt begins. Doctors, it seems, are sometimes just plain mistaken.

When Bobby Jones won his first national title thousands of words were written concerning the technical brilliance of his achievement. Very little was written of the human struggle that preceded the triumph.

At the age of fourteen Bobby suddenly became a national figure when he qualified for the national amateur golf championship at the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia and won his first two matches. It was then that he began to fight against himself, to prove himself to himself and his friends, and to win a national golf title.

As a kid wonder of fourteen playing in a national golf championship Bobby was high strung, keen spirited, imaginative, and the victim of youth's eternal search for perfection. If a shot went wrong, he was likely to throw his clubs away or break them over his knees. A bad hole might mean the destruction of his card and the exit of Robert Tyre Jones Jr. from that match or tournament in a rage.

Naturally he was colorful material for the sports writers, and, when I first began to write about golf three years ago, my impression of Jones was such as to lead me to believe that he was a fiery and headstrong youngster continually given to violent outbursts of temper. I was surprised to become acquainted instead with an affable and smiling young man who, through two bitterly disappointing tournaments in 1922, never once lived up to his reputation for bad temper.

When I interviewed Bobby I asked him to tell me the hardest job he had to perform in learning the difficult art of making a golf ball behave.

"Making the shots was hard to learn," he said, "but that came more or less naturally. I don't want to give the impression that learning the mechanics of golf was easy. Any golfer who says that is kidding himself or trying to kid somebody else. Any first class golf course is always hard to lick, but the hardest job I had was licking myself.

"It's no news to say that I had a terrible temper as a kid. It may be news to say that I've still got it. I'm not ashamed of that fact. I was ashamed in the days when I let it get the better of me.

"WHEN I first began to play pretty good golf I could see how much better I could play, and I was always fighting to play better. If I had a ten-foot putt to drop, for instance, I thought that was the simplest task in the world, and if I didn't sink it I thought there was something the matter with me, and that made me mad at myself. Today if I sink a ten footer, I don't think that I'm lucky. I know it.

"I've never yet been mad at an opponent. My anger was always directed at myself because I felt my efforts were not what they should be. But that is no excuse for allowing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE]

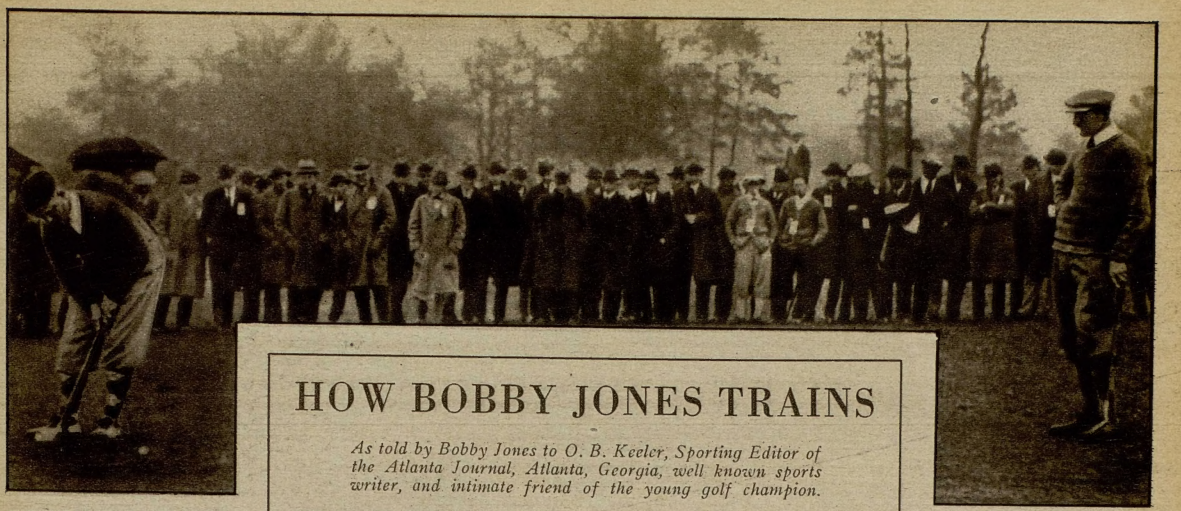
CALUMET
The World's Greatest BAKING POWDER

How the children love them—those golden brown goodies, made with Calumet. It's no wonder, because Calumet Baking Powder really does make a difference. Its more than usual leavening strength never fails to raise everything in which it is employed—doughnuts, pies, cakes, muffins, biscuits, etc. —to the highest nutritional value.

Millions of mothers are using Calumet because of the pure foods it unfailingly produces—because it is economical—because it is the most dependable of all leaveners.

Buy it—try it—always use it.

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND



HOW BOBBY JONES TRAINS

As told by Bobby Jones to O. B. Keeler, Sporting Editor of the Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Georgia, well known sports writer, and intimate friend of the young golf champion.

ROBERT TYRE JONES JR., national open golf champion of the United States, opened his eyes with an expression of innocent wonder.

"Train?" repeated Bobby. "You know this isn't a welterweight affair—or rather, a light heavyweight. This training for golf tournaments is a funny thing. My own ideas are not along the line of any special exercises for conditioning purposes.

"I think the best exercise for a golfer is golfing. I would go farther—I may be wrong about this—and suggest that any other exercise, tending as it does to develop a set of muscles other than the golfing muscles, would be detrimental rather than otherwise. I never took any other athletic exercise in my life, and I started golf at the age of six, when I had no musculature at all—I was a sickly, frail kid—so whatever muscles I have are golfing muscles.

"As to training diet or regimen, I don't have any, except that of recent years I have stopped eating several dishes of ice cream between rounds in a tournament. A friend kept nagging me until I stopped, and I guess he was right about it. He said a stomach full of food between rounds drew blood from the brain, if any, and made a player sleepy and sluggish.

"I stopped drinking milk during tournaments, too. I like milk and it seems to be good food. But I heard an old saying, several years ago, that golf championships were won on toast and tea and lost on milk and fruit.

"During a tournament I like to start breakfast with a glass of orange juice. Then eat a fair portion of bacon and eggs and toast and drink one cup of coffee. Between rounds, something light—a chicken sandwich and a cup of tea, perhaps; nothing sweet and nothing with milk in it. In the evening, anything I want—and I seem to want a good deal.

"And lots of sleep. I believe that rest in bed is what a golfer needs to fit him for the strain of tournament play.

"Practice before a tournament can be carried to excess easily. Tournament golf takes a lot out of a fellow, mentally and physically. At Oakmont in 1919 I lost eighteen pounds in six days. It's a tough old game."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

temper to take control, and I finally began to realize that, win or lose, I had to learn how to control myself."

"Just how did you do that?" I asked.

"That's a tough one to answer," Bobby replied. "I don't know that I found any setting up exercises to reduce the waist line of my temper. I guess it was just a growing realization that even if I did win a championship, I couldn't have any real satisfaction in winning unless I could lick myself at the same time. I began to understand that the breaks are bound to even up. For example, sometimes you think you've hit a shot perfectly and yet something goes wrong with it. Fair enough. At other times you hit the ball wrong and get a break that gives you an undeserved reward. There's no use getting sore over the shots that go wrong.

"When I finally decided that I was going to lick myself and let the championship take care of itself, I'd catch myself beginning to get mad over a rotten shot. Then I'd say to myself, 'Hey, wait a minute! Calm down. That shot wasn't so good, but a couple of holes back you hit one that wasn't so good either and had a lot of luck with it.' Then I'd figure on trying to do my best on the next shot. Gradually I began to get over becoming mad at myself and just concentrated on playing golf. After that happened, one of the worst beatings I ever got, a defeat that came when I was playing pretty good golf, helped me more than anything else to conquer myself.

"I'M talking about the beating Jess Sweetser gave me in the semi-final round of the amateur championship at Brookline. You remember that Jess cut loose against me with a 69 in the morning. I think I had a 74 myself, but at the end of the first eighteen I was 6 down. In the afternoon Jess kept on going like a wild man and he swamped me, 8 and 7. Jess played about the best golf I ever saw that day.

"Naturally I wanted to win against Sweetser. I want to win every time I start, just like anybody else does. I'm saying this so that no one will misunderstand when I say that I'm glad I didn't win. I'm glad I lost, because in this severe drubbing not once during the two rounds did I have any desire to get mad. I just figured that I was playing the best golf I knew, and that Jess was shooting better golf, and for the first time in my life I had absolute control over myself.

"After that beating I knew I would never have to worry again about licking myself. When you're shooting as well as you know how and your opponent is shooting better than you are, the answer is like putting two and two together. You just can't win. That's simple enough, isn't it? Well, it was just that proposition that I didn't realize as a kid."

SO much for Bobby's ideas as to the moral value of a beating. I want now to quote Bobby's father on the same subject.

"I've always wanted Bobby to win," the elder Jones informed me last fall during the play for the amateur championship at Flossmoor. "I'm just like any other father in that respect, and when Sweetser put him out at Brookline I was bitterly disappointed, because the boy was playing such fine golf that summer I thought it was surely his year. It wasn't, however, and I can honestly say that the way Bobby took his medicine there at Brookline made me prouder of him than I was when he came back to Atlanta with the open title.

"I went to Bobby after that match and told him I was proud of him. I'd been telling him I didn't want him to win a championship until he could convince me and himself that he was able to handle a title, and, after he stood up the way he did at Brookline under Sweetser's marvelous golf, I knew that he was ready."

Bobby Jones today is the real champion his father wanted him to be. I have followed him in four national championships and one international match, and not in a single instance have I ever seen even a flash of the famous temper I had read about. Bobby's effort to lick himself has been as successful as his effort to lick golf courses.

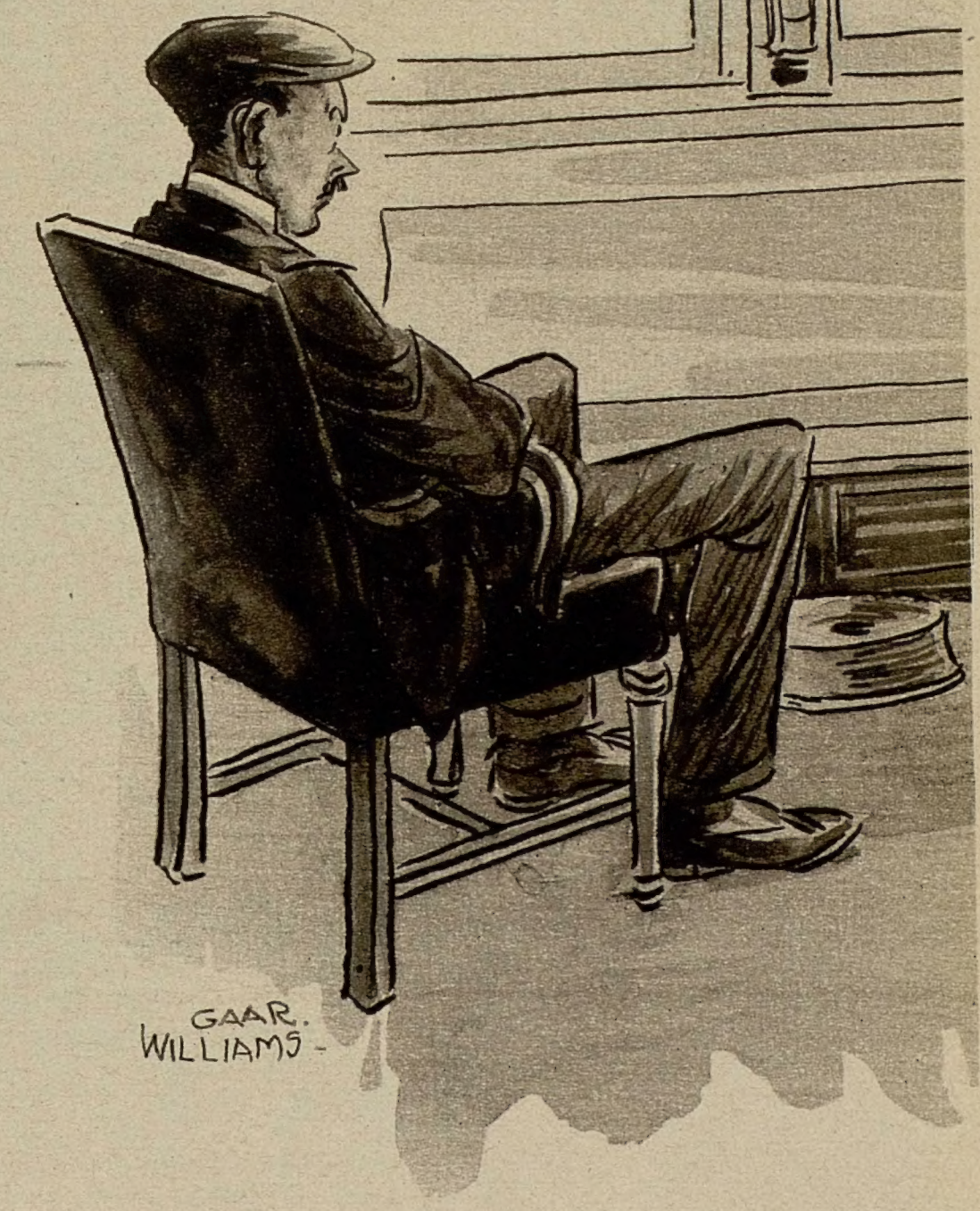
THE END

Revealing the Secret of How to Protect Yourself from Those Pullman Broadcasters

What of It?

A Discourse on Discourses

And Also on Those Who Discourse



I WAS telling this to a friend of mine that's in the furniture game; travels out of Grand Rapids for the Phillips people. And he says I ought to tell it to other friends of mine that's on the road a good deal so as they'll know how to protect themself when they bump into one of these here broadcasters like Lacey.

Well, it seems they was a fella named Dexter Cosset and in his spare time he wrote a play and mailed it to a friend of his in New York that was personally acquainted with Joe Morris, the producer. So he give it to Morris and somebody in Morris' office that could read told Morris the play was good, so Morris got somebody that could write to wire a telegram to Cosset. It says in the telegram:

"Accept your play ghosts but must change title as it seems man named Ibsen has a farce that title come New York at once as we want to go right into rehearsal have renamed play Carlotta's corns which will be permanent title unless you can think of better one."

Well, it seems Cosset lived in South Bend and clerked in Ellsworth's, and his gal clerked there, too, and when he wrote this play he named the heroine Carlotta because that was his gal's name if you get what I mean. He thought it would kind of tickle her to have the heroine of a play named after her, do you understand me?

But as I say, Carlotta clerked in Ellsworth's, too, and she was on her feet all day and had a good deal of trouble with them, and if she ever got word that Cosset had wrote a play and used her name in connections with the chiropody game, she would of give him the air and submitted to the caresses of Orville Pleat that was in the automobile game on Vistula Avenue.

And besides they wasn't no place in the play where any reference was made to anybody's corns let alone the heroine's, so if it was produced under the title suggested by Mr. Morris, why unless the author wrote in a new scene devoted to pedal disorders which he had no personal experience, why the critics would say what the hell.

So anyway Cosset got on this train this night determined to think up a decent title for his play before he clumb into Mrs. Pullman's spare bed, but Cosset, like a good many other South Bend boys, could not even start to think unless they was a live cigaret in his mush. So the first thing he done when he got on this train this night was look up a porter he knew personally named George something, a colored man. He asked George was they a buffet on the train.

"Why, no, massa," replied George in his laughable darky dialect. "We dinna run no buffet car on this train since ze railroads quit selling what you call ze liquor. But if you got something on ze hip," he added, rolling those big eyes and doing the double shuffle, "I get you ze ice and ze water."

Cosset then exclaimed that what he wanted was a place where he could sit and smoke and think without interruptions and the best the clever darky could suggest was the washroom in his own car. It seems the washrooms in the other cars was jammed with members of the Grand Forks Well-kept Lawns Association, bound for the annual Get-Together Dinner at Saratoga, with a one-day stopover at Troy to get their collar cleaned.

AS Cosset entered the washroom of his own Pullman — "Gastritis" — he noted that the only occupant was a man in the late twenties or forties who he remembered having seen once or twice walking up and down Michigan Street with such a big sample case that a great many people thought he must be selling warships. He was a traveling man named Ben Lacey; lived in Chicago and was married to a Kenosha woman who had luckily lost her hearing. The misery left Lacey's face when he seen Cosset come in. Here was an audience.

"Well," he said, as the young clerk-playwright seated himself, "according to my watch we was twelve minutes late leaving the Bend. And I'm pretty sure the watch is right. I've had this old watch eight years and only paid twenty smackers for it, and it runs just as true now like when I got it. How is that for a twenty dollar watch?"

"Pretty good," replied Cosset.

"I'll say it's pretty good," said Lacey. "They don't make watches no more like this here. I got a friend of mine that's in the watch game and he knows watches. That's his game. And he says they don't make no more watches like this here. His name's Fox, from Lafayette. Maybe you know him."

By RING LARDNER

Illustrated by GAAR WILLIAMS

Lacey's eyes hastily followed the direction of Quolt's.

"No," replied Cosset, "I don't know him."

"He's in the watch game," said Lacey. "I just happened to meet him, and I thought you might maybe know him. He gives me a ring every time he hits Chi. He's a card. Keep you up all night telling gags and stories. And original, too. I remember one morning I met him on the train going from Chi to Benton Harbor. No, it was Niles. Well, he had a morning paper and they was a big story on the front page about the Cragin murder out in Los Angeles. You remember — Cragin, the picture director. They found him dead in his apartment, and it come out that they'd been a big party the night before where pretty near everybody there was a hophead. So this Fox, this friend of mine, he says had I saw the news in the paper and I says what news, and he says O, they's been another snowstorm in Hollywood. He's a card. Keeps everybody laughing. I thought maybe you might of ran across him."

"No," replied Cosset, "I don't know him."

"What game are you in?" asked Lacey.

"Dry goods," replied Cosset.

"I got a brother-in-law in that game," said Lacey. "He was in the insurance game, but now he's in the dry goods game. He's on the road for Smythe-Carter. He married my sister — that's my youngest sister, Bertha. She wouldn't of met him only for me. I got acquainted with him on a train coming from Racine to Chi. No, it was Janesville. He was living in a boarding house and I felt kind of sorry for him, so I says when he didn't have nothing to do, to give me a ring. So he come out to the house one night to supper. The kid sister couldn't see him at first. They was a couple of his front teeth was discolored. But after you got used to him, you didn't notice it so much.

"So him and the kid got married. Now they got a home of their own out in Morgan Park. Built it cheap on account of one of his brothers being in the building game. They got two of the cutest kiddies you ever seen. The boy's named after me: Ben. That's my name. Little Ben's just two years old and he calls me plain Ben. He can't say uncle. So he just calls me Ben. Smart as a whip."

COSSET didn't deny this or make no comment of any kind as he hoped that absolute silence on his part might prove contagious. But he was too polite not to answer when Uncle Ben asked him a direct question, was he going to the Big Town. He said yes.

"Me, too," said Lacey. "I generally always take the Century, but I had to take this train this time on account of being tied up in Chi with a customer of mine. He's in the cement game. I'm in the elevator game myself; with the Trunkey people. Biggest elevator concern in the U. S. Well, this customer of mine got in town and give me a ring and I had to see him and after we was all through with our business I couldn't get away from him. Great talker. We got in a argument about Coolidge. He was panning Coolidge so I stepped in and told him where he was wrong. If a man says something I don't like, I tell him where he's wrong, customer or no customer. He admitted he was wrong after I'd talked to him. He says, 'I'm wrong, Lacey, and you're right.' So then we wound up telling stories. I thought he'd laugh himself sick when I told him the one about the Greek and the Spaniard. Have you heard that one?"

"No," replied Cosset.

"It's a good one if you ain't heard it," said Lacey. "It seems they was a Greek and a Spaniard and they was out with a couple of fly chorus dames——"

"Would you mind telling it to me after a while?" says Cosset. "Right now, before I forget it, I want to see if my grip's flied open. It don't catch right."

"Well, listen," said Lacey, "I got a friend of mine in the Big Town in the suitcase and trunk game and I'll give you a note to him and he'll sell you the best suitcase you ever seen, at cost."

"Well, I'm much obliged," said Cosset, and hurried out of the washroom and to his seat.

He sat there over an hour, trying and trying to think. But as I said a while ago, he couldn't even start to think unless they was a live cigaret in his mouth. And the car was half full of old women, bound for the annual banquet of the Little Rock Sorrel Growers' Association at Rutland, Vermont.

WELL, finally the man that had the lower come in and sat down in the section. He was a man either forty-two or forty-six years old, named Harrison Quolt. He observed that Cosset was acting very nervous.

"You are acting very nervous," he said to Cosset. "What can be the matter?"

Cosset then told him all the circumstances and Quolt laughed softly.

"I've quit smoking myself," he says. "I quit on account of a bad stomach. So I don't have to travel in washrooms no more. But before I quit, I mastered the art of putting the quietus on these Pullman elocutionists. The last three or four trips I made with the cigaret habit, why I could share a washroom from morning till night with one of these here cross-country loud speakers and you'd never hear a word out of him; that is, after I'd give him the treatment."

"What was the treatment?" asked Cosset.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

In the dressy summer time, fine hosiery becomes a thing of increased importance to men and women of discrimination. Then, if ever, it is a conspicuous indication of personal elegance. Phoenix hosiery leads in sales everywhere for the very good reason that it most happily combines an outranking refinement with a rare ability to resist wear over long and strenuous miles. Its superlative *elegance* and *economy* command consideration by you for summer wear.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX ©WDT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

"Did you just keep still and not answer nothing he said?"

"O, no," says Quolt. "Silence don't do no good. And it don't help none to pretend like you are reading. That just gives them something more to talk about—books and magazines and so forth. But if you are in earnest about the importance of this thinking you've got to do, why I'll go in there with you and fix this guy so's he'll have lockjaw all the rest of the way to New York."

Cosset gratefully accepted this proposition and the two gents went to the washroom where they found Lacey lighting a fresh cigar. He was on the long seat, next to the window. Quolt moved one of the chairs to a position facing Lacey, and seated himself. He begun staring at Lacey's right knee, like they was some item there that baffled or fascinated him. Lacey's eyes hastily followed the direction of Quolt's, but he couldn't detect nothing the matter and looked up again.

"Well," he said, "I was just reading in the paper about two more brokerage firms has failed in the Big Town. That must be a tickish game. I was thinking once about going into that game myself. I was all set to go into it with another fella in Chi when a friend of mine that's with the Trunkey Elevator people give me a ring and asked me how would I like to go into the elevator game. I says I would try anything once, so I took the position and been with them ever since."

"What?" says Mr. Quolt, continuing to stare at Lacey's knee.

Lacey looked down again, but couldn't see nothing wrong.

"I WAS just saying," he repeated, "that I seen in this paper where they was two more brokerage houses in New York had took the big flop. I was saying it must be a mighty risky game. I'm tickled to death I stayed out of it. I pretty near got into it once with a fella in Chi. But just as we was making our plans, a friend of mine with the Trunkey Elevator people give me a ring and asked me would I like to go into the elevator game. Well, his proposition sounded reasonable so I took him up and been with them ever since."

"What of it?" said Mr. Quolt.

"Why," says Lacey, "it just shows how lucky a man can be sometimes and maybe don't appreciate just how lucky he was."

"What of it?" said Mr. Quolt, and kept staring at Lacey's knee.

Lacey's eyes followed Quolt's for the third time, but without results. The train was whistling for a station.

"That must be either Kendallville or Ligonier," said Lacey.

"What of it? said Mr. Quolt.

For maybe a half an hour the three gents sat in silence. Quolt's eyes never left Lacey's knee and the owner of same looked at it nervously every little while. Once or twice he opened his mouth like he was going to say something, but thought better of it. Finally Cosset spoke up.

"That's plenty," he says to Quolt. "The treatment's worked grand and you don't have to stay in this stuffy hole no longer. I've got a swell name for my play already. It's going to be named 'What of It?'"

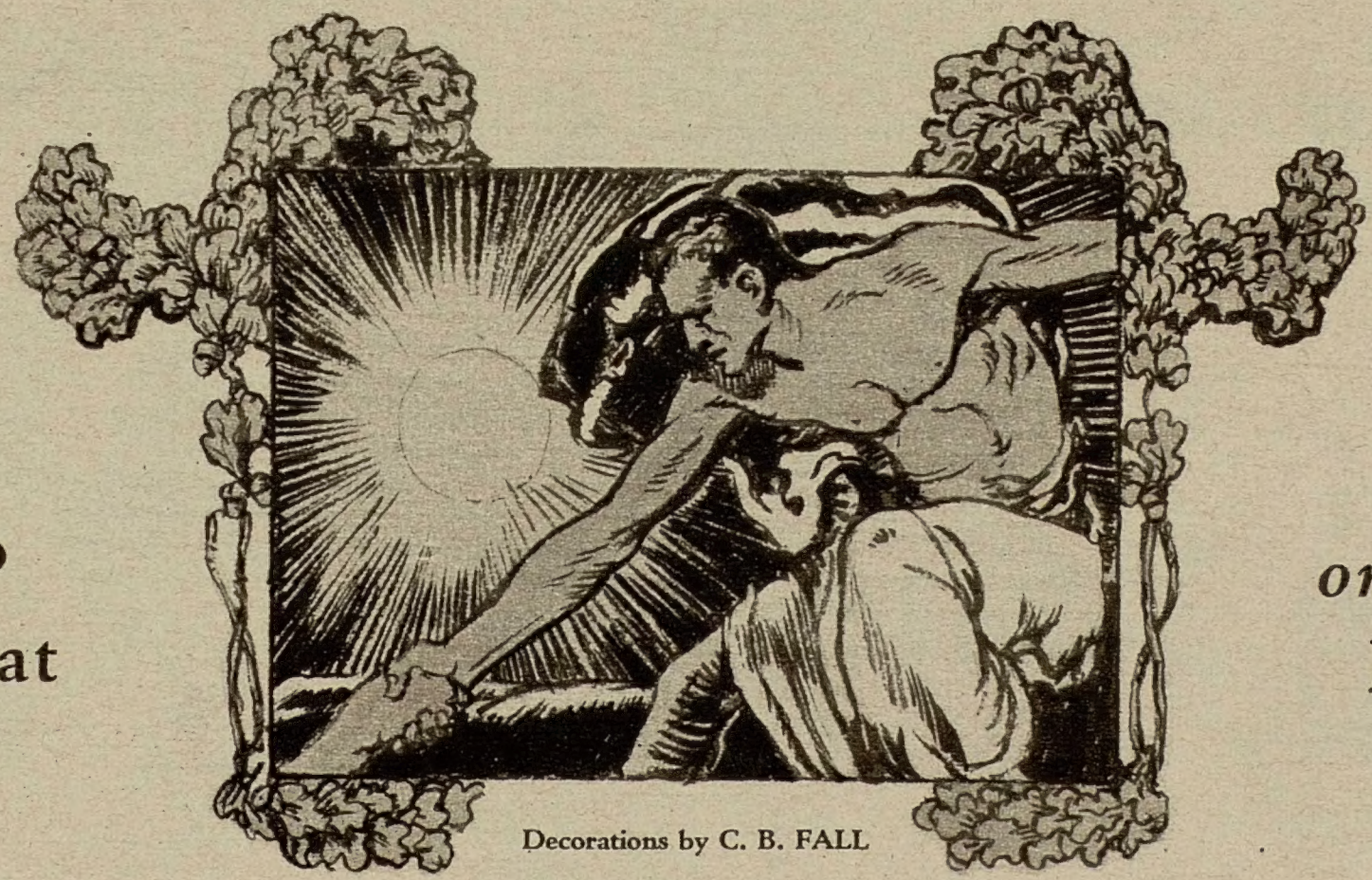
Mr. Quolt removed his glance from Lacey's knee and looked at Cosset.

"What did you say?" he asked him.

THE END

How Many Real Friends Have You?

Can You *Count on Them* to Stand By You, No Matter What Happens?



Decorations by C. B. FALL

This Is an Article by Dr. Frank Crane *on* "How to Know Your Friends"

BEFORE any answer can be given to the problem, "How to know your friends," you must understand what friendship is.

Perhaps you are incapable of friendship. In that case, it will do you no good to know how to tell a friend. For you would not know what to do with a friend if you had one.

Friendship is composed of three elements: Loyalty, love, and faith. These three. And if you are deficient, so deficient as to be dead or entirely unresponsive in these three things, then, as in the case of Goethe's *Mephistopheles*, "It stands written on your brow you never loved a human soul." You have no friends, you do not deserve friends, and you would not know what to do with friends if you had them.

Friendship, when we isolate the germ of it and get down to its essentiality, means that relation of one person to another which is expressed by the word "like."

"Like" is a stronger word than "love." It goes down deeper. It represents the movements of the soul's atoms. It is a subconscious thing, more profound than the will or the conscious mind.

Love is something you can indulge in if you choose. But liking is something you cannot help doing. Some men love their wives but they do not like them. Some love their country but they do not like it. By the same token some people love to do right but they do not like to do right.

Yet there is no true marriage, marriage of the sort which brings permanent contentment, unless man and wife like each other. There is no true patriotism unless you actually like and prefer your own country to any other. And your religion is not much more than lip service if, all the time you are practicing virtue, you have a hankering after vice. True religion, true morality, changes the quality of the hankering.

Perhaps that is what Jesus meant when He said, "Ye must be born again."

Friendship is this sort of an instinctive matter.

No psychologist ever explained it better than Tom Brown:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

I REMEMBER I had my fiftieth birthday in the city of Rome. On the morning of that day I left my boarding house and went over to a little café, much frequented by municipal guards and porters, and had my coffee, after which I walked about half a mile to the office where I was doing my writing. On the way to the office, I got to thinking as a man will think when he passes a birthday, especially so significant a landmark as the fiftieth. And I thought on this wise:

Here I am fifty years old. All my life I have been trying to win people; that is, to get people to like me who do not like me. And

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

"I FELT 'fagged' in the morning when I went to the office. At luncheon I ate my food with a growing resentment at the necessity of eating. At dinner I merely nibbled at morsels of food. I was nervous and irritable. Then I began eating yeast—Fleischmann's—and noticed my appetite returning. My face lost its sallowness, nd the pimples on my skin disappeared; my grouch went the way of the eruptions."

(Mr. A. F. Lockhart, of St. Louis, Mo.)

"FIVE years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'run-down, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald, of Ypsilanti, Michigan)

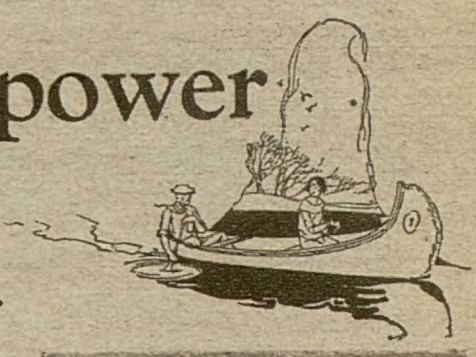
"WE restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomach in a hurry. No wonder it gets sluggish and refuses to perform its duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)

You may not realize its amazing power

—*Put this familiar food to work for you*



These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"I WENT fishing up North and had an attack of boils in a very bad form which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulknet, of Nanaimo, B.C.)

"I AM 62 years of age, and looked like 80—a fitter subject for the Old People's Home than an active, outside insurance solicitor. Constipation had been the bane of my life. My feet could hardly carry me along, and my conversational powers were exhausted during business hours. About 12 months ago I was recommended as a last resort to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I can hardly believe it, neither can my associates—that I am the same man of a year ago. 'You look and act like a man of forty,' say my friends today."

(Mr. Russell Carolan, St. Louis, Mo.)

"A PHYSICAL wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Mr. C. Cook, Los Angeles, Calif.)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in *your* ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

looking back, I do not see that I have succeeded. In almost every instance those who have not liked me have continued in their strange perversion and the time I spent in trying to change them has been lost. The best I could do with them was to leave them and go away. Thank God the world is so wide and that there is so much room; for to get along at all you must have one of two things: love or distance.

So I made a resolution that from that day on I would cultivate my friends; that is, I would seek those who naturally like me and devote my attention to them. Those who did not like me I would let alone. For while such people who have an aversion to me may be superior to me in every way and may be entirely correct in their estimate of me, there is no use of my trying to do anything with them. As the Southern darky says, "Leave 'em where the Lord flung 'em."

This may sound very naughty and not at all noble and grand; but it has worked fairly well.

And about all I can do in this article is to give some of the marks by which friendship is characterized.

I LIKE a number of people and they like me. And I will tell the reader how it is with us. My psychology may be deficient and my philosophy not very deep, but at least I can do what any fool can do; I can tell the truth, and I will.

1. A friend understands.

That seems to me to be the first forth-jutting characteristic of friendship.

To a true friend you do not always have to be explaining things.

If you are absent a long time and do not write, he is just as warm and cordial when you meet him at last.

If you are tainted with disgrace, accused of a crime, or lose face in any way, I do not say that the friend will never believe you are guilty, for he may happen to know that you are guilty, but it will make no difference. He never liked you in the first place because you were good, he liked you because you were *you.*

2. A friend is one with whom you are comfortable.

He is like an old shoe. Most acquaintances are like new shoes. You like to walk around with them and show them off, but when you get home you make haste to remove them and get on your slippers.

The real friend fits. You are at ease with him. You are not constantly trying to make an impression on him. You know that he likes you whatever you do, whatever you think, whatever you are. The result is that you indulge in the supreme luxury of being genuinely yourself.

Incidentally the only kind of God I believe in is a friendly God. God may be very terrible to others, but to me He is a great comfort, because I am quite certain He understands.

3. A friend uplifts and does not depress you.

You have a certain morale which it is quite necessary for you to keep if you would enjoy life and do your work well. Your thought and your feeling must run along at a certain level. There are some people who cause this level of your morale to sag. These are the nonfriends.

But when your friend comes, the order goes forth to the whole army of your thoughts and feelings and words, "At ease."

4. A friend demands no effort to keep his friendship.

All this business of "making friends" is superficial. It is said that we must smile if we want the world to smile upon us. We should be courteous, we should flatter people, we should endeavor to make a good impression, and all that sort of thing.

This advice is quite sound, but the reason it is sound is because most of the people in the world are nonfriends. Perhaps most of them are potential friends, but we have not yet become acquainted with them.

All these little arts and graces are a sort of protective shell. They are principally used against our enemies.

With a friend you do not have to be courteous, or cheerful, or grateful. You can be rude and grouchy, and even naughty. You simply cannot offend him.

5. A friend sets no traps for you.

To say that a friend is one who will share his last cent with you, or one of whom you can ask any favor, or one who never criticizes you, but one who always compliments you, is superficial.

For when you plot to ask a friend for money and say within yourself that if he lends it, you will know he is your friend, and, if he does not, then you have proven how hollow is his friendship, then it simply means that you yourself do not believe in your friendship. You are setting a trap for him.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." If one is a real friend to another you shrink from putting him to any test. As Ed Howe, the Sage of Potato Hill, says:

"Friends are like flowers in the park. It is all right to walk among them and enjoy their beauty and fragrance, but don't pick them."

6. A friend gladdens you.

This is one of the subtlest tests. For the juice of life is joy. The very blood of life is love, and where love flows there is joy. Not always laughter and gayety, but that sort of peace which passeth understanding.

We can see this illustrated in the dog. Maeterlinck says the dog is the only animal that really loves a man. And the reason people like dogs is that old, old reason, than which there is no better: dogs like people. A dog doesn't care anything about your moral character. It makes no difference to him whether you are the King of Prussia or a hobo. He just naturally likes you. And it is one of the purest, most incredible and perfect examples of friendship in all the world.

Do you like anybody in the world as a dog likes a man? Is there any one who likes you after such manner? If so, you may get some insight into this sort of thing that real friendship is.

7. Real friendship is a matter of the instincts, not of the reason.

Friendship is a subconscious function. It has its roots away down beneath the will and the intelligence. The mother likes the little baby. What reasons has she for this? The baby is a constant care, it's an unclean little animal, it is impatient, selfish, irritating. Yet the mother loves her child with a love that is as powerful as any known affection.

If we would let our instincts run, or at least try to adjust ourselves to them, we would get along better.

8. A friend is one with whom you can keep silent.

Do you know one with whom it is just a pleasure to be? Can you sit down with him and spend an entire evening without saying over a dozen words and have a grand time?

9. A friend respects your individuality.

He does not want to make you over to be like himself.

For instance, you may not like untidy people. You do not like to see a man with no collar, with his hair tousled, with his fingernails untended. You do not like a man who chews tobacco, and uses profane language.

But, in the case of Sam Slocum, your friend, the Maine guide, for some strange reason all those things have a sort of charm. The answer is simply: you are friends. And friendship dissolves all things. It is the universal solvent.

It may be necessary to regulate people to reform people, to improve their manners and their morals. Censors and critics, I suppose, are necessary, just as detectives and undertakers are necessary. But the work of these persons can hardly come under the classification of friendship.

10. One way to know a friend is to perceive that the thought of him is pleasant.

Friendship is an elusive and wholly immaterial substance. Even when your friend is a thousand miles away you can feel the electrons and protons of his soul impinging against yours.

This is one of the most subtle things about friends. They never leave you, even when they go away. I do not say that their spirits hover about you, nor that their astral body is present, for I am not up in "spook" philosophy. But I do say that there is something about a friend, at no matter what distance he may be, that abides with you.

I think of that golden saying of Emily Dickenson:

"Absence is a sort of condensed presence."

So I think that friendship is a spiritual something; it overleaps distances. It is the wireless telegraphy of souls. While my friend exists, I cannot be alone.

THE END

On the Other *The*

—A Vivid and the

"The wop had been drinking. . . . Monk knocked him down. I liked that."

PATRICIA STORROW'S marriage to Lawrence Farnum had been delayed for a reason almost too grim to associate with orange blossoms.

When young Farnum emerged from Harvard Law School he had been made a deputy assistant district attorney, that lowest subaltern rank in New York's cumbrous machinery for the punishment of those who commit crime.

Thus, into a row of dingy rooms, echoing eternally with dreary chronicling of the taking of human life, had come Lawrence Farnum's romance. A casually begun week-end in Westchester had done it. In a twelvemonth young Farnum really was finding himself. Patty Storrow knew it even before he did. When both realized it, the wedding day was fixed.

And then Monk McGloin shot Nikko the Mug on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-third Street. Monk's bullets, so to speak, had forbidden the banns. For Lawrence Farnum had been designated to hurry the trial. The homicide calendar needed attention.

"It's hideous, dearest. I know it," he told Patty Storrow. "But the staff is floundering in cases on appeal. The chief himself asked me to handle the case."

"Of course you must do it, Larry," she said. "I understand."

It had been a particularly brutal murder. The Italian had been killed in front of a chowder party embarking for a day at Wetzel's Grove. A plain clothes man had not been able to disarm the gangster until McGloin emptied his automatic revolver.

In the investigation the gunman's wife was the equation which puzzled young Farnum most. He had tried—with the aid of Cassidy, the central office lieutenant detailed to the case—to get her version of what lay behind the killing.

Cassidy had been bred in the old Mulberry Street police school, where the "third degree" followed every arrest. He had been rough with the gunman's wife. Farnum had been compelled to call a halt.

"You know that your husband is almost certain to be convicted of murder in the first degree, Mrs. McGloin?" said young Farnum, with a gentleness which was not assumed.

The China blue eyes widened slowly.

"He knew that—before he shot The Mug," she replied.

"But after conviction—you know what the sentence will be?"

The deputy assistant district attorney was finding it difficult to phrase. Something in the way her small ears nestled among looped tresses reminded him of Patricia Storrow, which made him wince.

"You mean the Chair?"

"Yes."

Again she nodded.

Side of the Frontier that Skirts a City's Badlands

Gunman's Widow

Short Story of the Vanity of a Woman Price a Man Paid Because He Loved Her

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

"O, yes," she went on. "Monk thought of that. Every man like Monk thinks of that when he begins to pack a gun. And he never stops thinking about it, either."

SHE spoke with an almost refined inflection. Her syllables were neatly turned. Yet Farnum knew the woman had been a sweatshop seamstress in a loft where the sphere of influence of the social uplift worker had not reached.

"Why not tell me what was behind it?" suggested young Farnum. "Don't you see? If there were a reason I could tell the judge; perhaps the sentence might be made lighter."

"You mean make my husband a lifer?" asked the girl. "He never would stand for that. I'd rather have him dead, too. And there's no use asking me to tell anything except what I saw. I don't mind telling that. The whole chowder party saw what I saw. But I promised Monk that was all I would tell"—she hesitated for a brief moment—"until, maybe, afterward."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the deputy assistant district attorney. There did not seem to be anything else to say.

THE woman had been in the courtroom every day. It had been the briefest of trials, merely long enough to permit the chowder compatriots of Nikko the Mug to scramble joyously for a chance of kissing the Book and parroting what they had seen. The shyster who went through the mummery of a defense could not induce McGloin to take the stand. Sentence had been deferred for a week. Monk should have his right to live with a half dozen other inmates of the condemned tier in the Tombs. It was more convenient to send them up the river in batches.

McGloin had responded, when asked if he had anything to say before sentence was imposed. He wore a red knitted scarf which, instinct told the prosecuting attorney, had been fashioned by his blue eyed wife.

"I done it, judge," he said. "I give it to the wop as often as I could in the same place. It was coming to him. That's all."

The girl on the front bench made no outcry. She slipped into unconsciousness quietly, while a court officer went for a glass of water.

Young Farnum played squash desperately at the Carston that evening. Fordie Heatherton backed away from the ferocious sweeps of his opponent's racket.

"Look here, Larry," he protested. "This isn't lacrosse, and I need all the cuticle on my shins."

"I've had enough," agreed Farnum. "The pool looks good to me. Come on."

He had not seen Mrs. McGloin after the sentencing. The *Evening Gazette* told readers of its baseball extra that, while the Giants and Braves were playing a ten inning game at the Polo Grounds, McGloin, the gunman, had been whisked to Sing Sing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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With her family Patricia Storrow had gone to Lake Sacandaga in the Adirondacks. Lawrence Farnum spent three weeks there, in August. It was while paddling the Mock Turtle, Miss Storrow's green canoe, that another wedding date was fixed. There was an atmosphere of added geniality at the cottage that evening. Later they went over to the inn for dancing.

IT was to the strains of "The Kingaling Rag" that the deputy assistant district attorney ripped the wrapper from one of a fresh litter of Manhattan newspapers. A few lines caught his eye. Whereupon the inn clock hands seemed to revolve backward rapidly. The lines bore an Ossining date:

> Terence (Monk) McGloin was put to death in the electric chair at six o'clock this morning. Two contacts were necessary. McGloin shot and killed Nikko the Mug in a gangster fight on an East Side river pier last June. He made no confession.

The clerk at the cigar counter saw young Farnum leap to his feet. He appeared to be shaking something from his shoulders. The clerk wondered if the mosquitoes were going to be troublesome again, but Lawrence Farnum's act had been merely a reflex of what he was trying to do mentally. Was the flavor of a dingy courtroom, with its smut of killings, to be forever getting between him and Patricia Storrow?

Piano and saxophones crashed into a final chord. Miss Storrow and her partner emerged from the dancing room.

"The next one is ours, Larry," said the girl.

"Let's go outside first," said young Farnum.

It was very quiet on the veranda, with lake silence brooding over the tamaracks.

"Just think," said Miss Storrow softly. "Five weeks from day after tomorrow will be our wedding day."

"I shall go downtown with Uncle Henderson," Farnum informed her. "He has asked me to join him. There's a future in corporation law."

"That means he thinks you have made good, doesn't it?" she asked.

"I wonder if there is such a thing as making good in the law," young Farnum answered. "That is—persuading the law to get really behind a crime and find out why it happened."

"I know what's wrong!" cried Patty Storrow. "You're

A plain clothes man had not been able to disarm the gangster until McGloin had emptied his revolver.

thinking about that gunman's wife again."

He was silent as they walked down the steps, across the damp turf. Miss Storrow touched his arm. There was a quiver in her voice.

"Larry, it can't be that this day—*our* day—was her awful one!"

They had walked as far as the clump of balsams. She halted, her hands lacing, in the faint starlight.

"I didn't mean that you should know," he faltered. "I'm a selfish brute, Patty."

"I should have asked about her some time. But I never guessed—I'm sorry it had to be today."

THEY were married in October and fared forth upon a motor honeymoon through the Catskills. When their first serious engine trouble occurred twilight had begun to filter into a valley near Broken Gap. There was no use in trying to tinker further, young Farnum decided, after a quarter hour of futile effort, so he left his bride poring over a Blue Book and made off toward wood smoke he had seen tracing thin spirals a half mile beyond.

The farmhouse had been yellow once upon a time, and there was a faded liniment sign upon the sagging barn. A few jaded chickens, a rickety spring wagon, and a sign over the door—these were landscape ingredients contemplated by the annoyed honeymooner. The sign was weather beaten, too, and proclaimed "Valley Cottage."

Young Farnum rapped upon the door.

Monk McGloin's widow opened it.

Despite his cap and muffling dust coat she recognized him at once, but without hint of astonishment.

"I had no idea," he began. "We've been motoring. And our car has broken down. I thought we might get word to the garage, at the crossroads we passed, five miles back."

She wore black, after the manner of widows. There was no hostility in the China blue eyes. For all that had been, apparently, this relic of the gunman chieftain bore him no ill will.

"A man comes for eggs every evening," she said. "He can tell the garage to send for the car. But that won't be for a couple of hours. There's no hotel nearer than ten miles, and it looks like rain. My aunt and I could keep you overnight. All of our boarders have gone. And there would be chicken for supper."

"My wife is with me—we are on our wedding journey," he explained. "I think Mrs. Farnum would be glad to stay, if you will have us."

The woman in black came a step nearer.

"You won't tell her?" she asked.

"No," said young Farnum.

THE chicken was fried deliciously; there were fresh baked rusk and two pitchers of creamy milk. And she felt no impulse to apologize for the napery. It was coarse and much darned, but wholesomely fresh. The cottage belonged to a white haired aunt, who could be seen now and then at the kitchen stove. To the bride it was a pleasant change from curious crowds upon hotel porches. She enjoyed her supper, but she was tired and went upstairs immediately afterward. Farnum walked back to the stalled car; he had forgotten one of the handbags.

The gunman's widow was knitting, in a Morris chair, when he returned. The aunt had disappeared. A paper shaded kerosene lamp gave just sufficient glow for guiding the needles.

"You must have been surprised," she began. Evidently she did not wish him to go. "I've been here ever since—that. My aunt keeps summer boarders; she's a widow, too. I've always loved the way pine needles smell when you bury your face in them."

The ex-deputy assistant district attorney heard the light tread of his wife above them.

"I am not at Criminal Courts any longer," he said. "I resigned before I married. But I have always felt that I could have done something for you."

"You were kind to me—the only one of them

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY
Melvin Sykes Photo.

Revealing the beauty secrets of *Elsie Ferguson*, the famous stage star, Miss Donnelly writes something new in the way of beauty articles, *with a startling secret* to tell regarding *How to Stay Young and Beautiful.*

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *LIBERTY*, OUT JUNE 11TH

that was. And you wanted me to tell you what led to the shooting."

"Yes," said young Farnum. "I could have told the judge that. It might have helped."

"The papers called it a mystery," said Mrs. McGloin. "There wasn't any mystery about it. I asked Monk to kill him."

FARNUM sat upon the decrepit sofa, watching the woman whose needles fenced so industriously.

"You have a wife yourself now," she went on, "and I'm glad to tell you.

"You used to look at me down there in Criminal Courts. And I knew why. You were wondering why I didn't wear flashy clothes and talk bad grammar. The folks I went with—Monk's crowd—did. I seemed different, and it made you curious, didn't it? You kept wondering if I really belonged to it all?"

"That is true," young Farnum admitted.

"Well, I did belong. Not because I was born among Monk's people. I wasn't. I was born here. As a baby I can remember playing in the haymow of that old barn out there. My aunt took care of me. I never knew my parents. I've never known about them, for Aunt Annie won't tell me. I knew better than to go on asking; even a child understands after a while. I grew up here with her, all alone. But the loneliness put a wall between us.

"I wanted something that wasn't loneliness. I wanted to laugh, to keep on laughing. A child gets queer notions. I felt that if life didn't mean laughing, being happy, it didn't amount to very much. Aunt never laughed. So, after a while, I couldn't stand it any longer; I told her I was going away. The queer part was that she didn't object; she seemed to understand, even if she didn't approve. She just looked hard at me and said, 'Come back when you're hurt, child.' And, you see, I did.

"Coney Island was where I met Monk. He picked me up on the boardwalk. He was the laughing kind, too. I guess we appealed to each other that way. We got married in a week. It's simple enough, isn't it? I knew he was bad, but the good-bad kind. There is that kind. I never was sorry I did it. I wasn't sorry then, and I'm not sorry now. I'd had almost two years to laugh in. Two years is a lot when you've been lonely—horribly lonely. I'm back here again. She said I'd be. But I can stand this place now. I know I can."

SHE laid the knitting in her lap, tucking the needles deftly into place. Her hands folded easily, she eyed him with the frankness of a child. Once more he noticed the crispness of her intonation, as she resumed her narrative.

"Monk was always proud of leading others. He wasn't really bad at all. And, in his own crowd, the only way to lead was by making the rest afraid of him. When we went to a dance hall I always had to play wallflower while he was in the back room having drinks. That wasn't because the fellows didn't want to dance with me; they did. But nobody was brave enough to take me out on the floor. They were afraid of what Monk carried in his hip pocket.

"A woman likes to feel her man is the kind others are afraid of. And, once in a while, when a woman is happiest, she gets a wish to make her man show he isn't afraid, with other people looking on. It comes all of a sudden. I don't know why she feels that way, but she does. So I told Monk to shoot the wop."

Lawrence Farnum picked at the sofa's fringed worsted afghan.

"O, can't you see?" she cried. "It was a chowder, the best party of the year. Every one I knew was there. I had on my prettiest dress, and it was sunshiny and gay. I never felt happier in my life. And when you feel happiest you've got to have some way of showing it, so the others will know about it and envy you. Well, that was my way, I guess. The wop had been drinking. He came up and said he was going to have a dance with me at the grove. Monk knocked him down. I liked that. Then, when the boat was ready to move, I saw the wop walking around, bragging about the trouble he was going to start.

"'I wish you'd get him,' I said to Monk. 'You mean it?' he asked. 'Sure,' I told him. 'In front of all the gang?—it'd mean the Chair,' he said. 'I know,' I answered. 'But he's such an ugly guy. Of course, if you're afraid——'"

She lifted her hands from her lap, resting them upon the chair arms. She had drawn back the corners of her mouth the least bit. There was a taint of the wolfish in her flickering smile.

"Well?" mumbled young Farnum.

"Well, he did it, didn't he?" she said. "He wasn't afraid. I'd asked him to do it. And I wanted to go on the stand and tell the jury, but Monk wouldn't let me. He said it had been worth while; that he was willing to take his medicine. There wasn't any mystery about it. I was his woman. He knew that, even if he did get his, no other man would ever have me."

Overhead young Farnum heard the tread of his bride. This was not a nightmare. There was being unfolded to him the psychosis that has ruled gangster, and gangster's light o' love, ever since Guinevere—and before.

THE gunman's widow was leaning back. Her hands stretched along the flat, oaken arms, fingers clutching at the edges. The slim figure was rigid; China blue eyes stared athwart the blur of kerosene glimmer, with horror in them; a revolting horror, mummified and yet writh-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I know what's wrong," cried Patty Storrow. "You're thinking about that gunman's wife."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

ingly alive; ages remote and yet pulsing like a new born thing.

Suddenly and violently the chromoed walls of the farmhouse were transmuted into constricting cement and stone. Young Farnum knew that in a chair of oak, much as the one in which the widow sat, with head and arms placed as this shrunken woman's were placed now, the gunman chieftain had felt the surge of the hidden dynamo. Farnum choked back a cry as the black figure tumbled in a heap, like a released mannikin.

The aunt came shuffling at his knock. She bent over the disordered corn colored hair calmly enough. Then she looked up.

"I didn't hear her scream," she said. "Did she? It is always harder when she screams."

The ex-deputy assistant district attorney laid Mrs. McGloin upon the faded sofa. He went upstairs slowly. The shutter of the lens, through which for a moment he had peered, had clicked. He realized that he had glimpsed the deep recesses of all women's loving. He would understand them differently hereafter, from Blessed Damozel to Borgia.

"Why, Larry!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnum, plaiting her hair by the light of two candles. "What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Me? O, I'm all right—just a bit tired. The car will be ready in the morning."

THEIR apartment, on Park Avenue, was ready for them when they returned to town three weeks later. It was dainty, with much chintz. And there was a Morris chair beside the library fireplace, with a convenient rack for Farnum's books. Breakfast was very jolly. Patricia Farnum had evolved quite marvelous coffee from an electric percolator. Her husband, having lighted his pipe, sat upon the brassbound wood box, and told her so.

"Larry," said the bride, slipping into the fireplace chair and stretching lazily, "what would you be willing to do for me if I asked you? What would you do that was dangerous—just because I wanted you to?"

The ex-deputy assistant district attorney's pipe dropped with a clatter upon the tiles. He swung his bride roughly from the cushions, depositing her, standing, on the window seat.

"Stay there!" he ordered.

Then he lifted the lid of the wood box, producing a keen little ax which Tompkins used to make shavings in the mornings. And, while his wife clutched skirts and stared, he split the heavy piece of furniture into ragged kindling. He put heart and soul into his work.

"I won't stand for Morris chairs!" he announced. "Not in our house. Hereafter, Patty—remember—there are to be no more Morris chairs in our entire life."

When he had done he tossed the ax beside the fender and rang for Tompkins, who removed the wreckage without so much as an inquiring eyebrow.

"Now," said young Farnum, going over to the window seat, where his wife still perched, "you may come down."

Mrs. Farnum clung tightly as he placed her upon the floor.

"I'll promise to be good," she sobbed. "But never make me afraid again."

She did not ask why he had destroyed Uncle Henderson's carefully chosen bit of mahogany. But neither would the woman with the corn colored hair have asked Monk McGloin. He was certain of that.

But just how far must a Monk McGloin of any caste go—to make sure that he possesses his woman, utterly and forever?

There is a deal of unanswered conundrums other than the sphinx's.

THE END

One Night at *Mary Reilly's*

A True Story of the Rum Runners of the Border

By Walter Davenport

A crash, a whirr, and a whistle, and slam! Mr. Hamilcar Duffy was present.

Illustrated by ROBERT W. STEWART

MARY REILLY'S roadhouse had but two doors to the outer world. There was one on the south end. There was one on the north end. There were, of course, other doors, but they may be disregarded. Equidistant between the doors of the roadhouse was Queen Victoria, a noble stove, ample of girth, kindly in warmth, benign and complacent in appearance, and, to make fast the name, the product of the Victoria Foundry and Iron Products Co., Ltd.

The stove squatted roundly in the center of the barroom floor. A line, passed through her fulsome middle and continued east and west until it projected beyond the walls of the roadhouse, would have shown you that this remarkable stove straddled the engineer's line which separates Canada from the United States. This Queen Victoria might have, in time, become a heroine of international controversy. As it was, she was the great arbiter in jurisdictional disputes between the local authorities.

Perhaps there is no better way of telling the story of Queen Victoria than to relate the events immediately preceding and following the presentation to her of so humble a person as Mr. Hamilcar Duffy of Boston. It was, appropriately enough, on a dark and stormy night. Mary Reilly herself occupied her accustomed stool behind the oak bar that ran the length of the room. So nearly in the center of that length of bar she sat that the line of the boundary must have pierced her through as it did Queen Vic.

On her right, serving drinks across the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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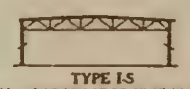
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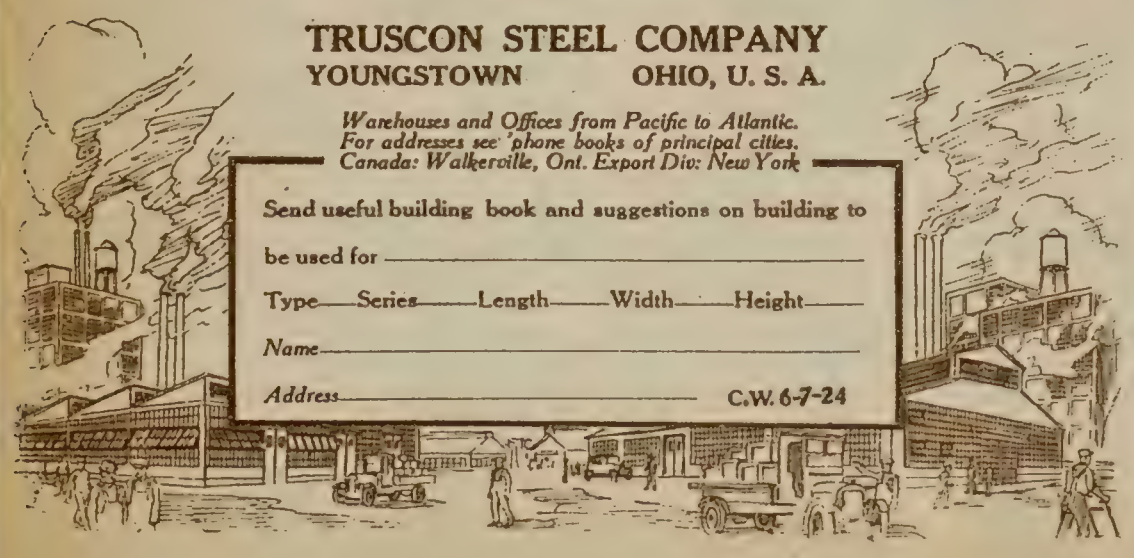

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counter, was her otherwise unimportant husband, Henry. To her left, in a similar capacity, operated Mary Reilly's lovely daughter, Pat—a beauteous thing, but cold. She had to be cold. One little ray of warmth from Pat and the jealousies of a dozen men would have kindled. When battle was done in Mary's, there were lasting casualties. Pat was lovely, but perforce she was cautious.

The American end of the bar was thinly populated that evening. Van Brunt, the locomotive fireman from Toronto; La Blonde, the farmer from Valleyfield; Kek, the free lance chauffeur, who could drive faster and truer and generally more expertly when drunk; and one or two others were there whose identities escape me. Probably didn't amount to much.

But the Canada half of Mary Reilly's bar was crowded with celebrities. Behold them! Babe Laubenthal, Wonder Lempert, Tony Fassulo, Parson Parrot, Mickey Fallon, Mose Upperman, Joe Slavoe, Jules the Fox, Old Gray, Henny Nunsaker, Chief Two and Two, and Corporal Bridget. There were others. Babe Laubenthal, Mose Upperman, Henny Nunsaker, and Corporal Bridget were notable, among other things, for the fact that they loved Pat (Patricia, of course) Reilly so fervently that they hated each other cordially—outside of business hours.

ALL of the suitors were trusted men in the rum running traffic between Quebec and Buffalo. All worked for one Murdstein, a gentleman unknown to the writer but a hero by reputation. Old Gray, Chief Two and Two (the pride of the St. Regis reservation), and Joe Slavoe were partners in a way. Owned three half ton trucks and ran highwines across to be peddled to whoso cared to take a chance.

It must have been nearly midnight when Mr. Hamilcar Duffy joined us. He entered the United States door of Mary Reilly's roadhouse as a three inch shell might blurt through a billboard. A crash, a whirr, and a whistle, and slam! Mr. Hamilcar Duffy was present. A number of pounds of the evidence that it was a dark and stormy night adhered to Mr. Duffy's person. The mud is rich and blue and sticky in the border country, and Mr. Duffy carried much of it. His muddy feet hit the wet floor, followed closely by the remainder of him. I would say, offhand, that the barroom at Mary Reilly's was forty feet long. Hamilcar Duffy slid thirty feet of it before he came to a stop. He passed Queen Vic as though she was but a way station and he the limited.

Inasmuch as Duffy appeared a trifle stunned, Parson Parrot left off arguing with Jules the Fox long enough to hoist the sliding stranger to his feet and escort him to the bar.

"He'll buy a drink, I'm thinking," said Parson Parrot of Halifax to the adorable Pat. "Will you not?" to Mr. Duffy.

Mr. Duffy moaned assent. Everybody on the Canadian side of Queen Victoria drank. It was noticeable that the American end of the bar did not participate. Such were the rules at Mary Reilly's. The treat stopped at the stove. The size of the banknote laid upon the bar by Mr. Duffy kindled the eye of Parson Parrot.

"Another drink would do the man no harm," said he. "He's still speechless."

With the second shock of Canadian Club, the stranger became articulate.

"Allow me," said Parson Parrot, "to congratulate you on your slide. I've seen many a man come from the States in haste, but compared with you, my boy, they were running backwards. You have reasons, I'm thinking."

MR. DUFFY purchased another round and told his name and city—Hamilcar Duffy of Boston. Parson Parrot paid for the fourth, and Mr. Duffy explained.

"I was driving through Malone," said he, "about twenty miles an hour. I'm a stranger in these parts. I have a brother in Valleyfield, and I'm on my way to visit him. I was almost out of town when I heard a shot. A bullet comes through the back of the car and misses me."

"Amen," grunted Parson Parrot.

"It's a bad night," went on Mr. Duffy, "and the going's poor. I thought I was being stuck up."

"You'll get used to that," interrupted Mickey Fallon.

"Maybe," said Mr. Duffy, who was pretty nearly normal by this time, "and maybe not. There's two more shots, but neither hit the car. I decided to step on the gas. I did it, and was making forty-five or fifty when I hit a hill that is not at home in any place but hell."

"Crow Hill," agreed Parson Parrot. "Many a good car's died on that hill. Always take the Saranac Road."

"Anyway," resumed Mr. Duffy, "I skidded down the other side of the hill and landed in the ditch, wheels up."

"Had it been the twelfth of last month," said Corporal Bridget, "you'd have found company. I was there."

"Two more shots from down the road went over my head," said Hamilcar, "and I climbed up to the road. I saw a car coming and ran a little."

"There's been a deal of running on the Fort Covington Road since the States went dry," explained

Parson Parrot, "so you did nothing unusual. I suggest, Mr. Duffy, it would be well if you bought the boys a drink."

Hamilcar would have purchased a distillery that evening had he had the price. Few men have ever been more agreeable than he was.

"I wish no hard luck to any man," said he, "but I cannot say that I was overwhelmed by grief when the car chasing me hit the tracks of my boiler and followed it into the ditch."

FROM the entire length of the bar there arose a loud cheer. It was said of Mary Reilly that she never smiled or looked glad. I shall be glad to testify to the contrary before any tribunal. Something that looked like triumph lighted Mary's plain face. That there was satisfaction in her soul she admitted by inviting us all to drink and not pay for it.

"Only one drink apiece," she added as a cautious afterthought.

The lovely Pat so far forgot herself as to wink at Corporal Bridget, thereby ruining the rest of the evening for Babe Laubenthal, Mose Upperman, and Henny Nunsaker. Even the inconsequential Henry Reilly, who, we agreed, had very little excuse for laughter, chuckled and did a bit of a breakdown on the duckboard flooring behind the bar.

Hamilcar Duffy, mystified but game, bowed. I purchased a round of drinks.

"They were not hurt," said Mr. Duffy.

"We can't have everything," Parson Parrot reminded him. "Proceed."

"When they went into the ditch I took to running again. I heard them climbing out of the ditch, but didn't wait to ask questions. I saw, up the road, the lights of this place. I guess I must have run a mile before I tumbled against the door there."

"Now, had it been me," said Corporal Bridget, "their car wouldn't have run off the road, and in the first place they'd got me with that first shot. If it hadda been me——"

"It wouldn't been you, Biddy," growled Old Gray. "It takes guts to drive the Fort Covington Road a night like this."

A slight difference of opinion caused Corporal Bridget and Old Gray to bicker over the point. Several of Mary Reilly's guests moved toward the Canada exit. Corporal "Biddy" thrust his right hand under his coat—in the general direction of the left armpit. Old Gray didn't move. An eloquent sneer adorned his face. And then the voice of Mary Reilly.

"Let one of you boys start something and I'm telling the captain all I know. If Captain Tante knew where the rottenest highwine is made, he'd be busy for a week. He was asking me a week ago who knocked off Benny Seldes. There'll be no fighting in this house tonight. Get that?"

Hamilcar Duffy bought a drink. The quarrel was dropped. Parson Parrot beamed upon the newcomer from Boston with fatherly friendliness.

"So," said Parrot, "you ran a mile, did you? And the gentlemen in the ditch were crawling out, were they? That being the case, they'll be here any minute. Mind you, Mr. Duffy, you're in Canada. I'm asking you no questions as to why you're here; it's nothing to me. But you seem like a decent soul and I'll tell you this——

"The chances are good that the two gentlemen who followed you into the ditch are prohibition agents. They'll enter this place and demand of you that you come to them on the United States half of the floor. If they get you there, you're a fish. Back to Malone for you and into the dungeon. The charge is suspicion of bootleggery."

"But," interrupted Hamilcar Duffy, "I'm not——"

"None of us are at the moment," said Parson Parrot. "Say nothing more about it. Your business is your business. But you're in Canada and we'll see that you stay in Canada as long as we continue to love you as we do now. As the law reads at the moment, the agents have no authority to pass Queen Victoria there and make an arrest on this, her northern exposure. So you see, Mr. Duffy, you're safe here. We like you, Mr. Duffy. If we didn't we'd throw you at the sheriff or the revenue man or the prohibition agent or whatever he is when he comes in.

"Now there was one of your countrymen with us some time ago. Cohen, his name was, I think. He was what we Scotch from Nova Scotia call near. He declined to furnish entertainment for us who sought to be his friends. Would he buy a drink? He would not. We waited, Mr. Duffy, until the pursuing constables entered that south door and demanded him. We lifted Mr. Cohen high into the air and cast him back into the States and the constable!—He is, I believe, in jail for whatever it was they were chasing him for."

Parson Parrot paused. Wonder Lempert expressed warm admiration for the Parson's ability to express his sentiments.

"If I could talk like him," said Wonder Lempert, "there wouldn't be no holdin' me. I'd run for parliament or something and be safe. Education; that's what it is."

Mr. Duffy bought a drink.

"Gents," said he, "I thank you for your friendship, which, God knows, is fine. But I ain't done——"

GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON
White Photo

MIDNIGHT AND SPOOKS

"Just remember," says the wise old lawyer to Romeo Egerton, "that ghosts and fairies are only human." And soon after that the diverting Romeo had occasion to remember, while he waited for a tryst between ghosts! It's in the next installment of Romeo in Moon Village, in next week's LIBERTY, out June 11th.

THE United States door of Mary Reilly's roadhouse opened wide. Two soiled men entered and marched straight to the south side of Queen Vic with their hands extended for her warmth. One of them was tall and powerful; the other was short and probably more powerful. They looked as though they had not enjoyed the night. Neither offered a word. Parson Parrot beamed upon them from the north side of Queen Vic.

"McQuistion!" cried he, in recognition of the taller of the pair. "And Goldfrap! Two of the most persevering prohibition agents in the pay of their government. And on what a night. If you'd care to drink with me, I'd not object. What brings you two out this night?"

McQuistion ignored the parson. He glared at Hamilcar Duffy's muddy clothing. Anybody could see that Mr. Duffy had been in a ditch.

"Are you the guy we chased into the gully this side of Crow Hill?" demanded McQuistion.

"By all accounts," said the parson, "he *led* you into the ditch, which reminds me to sing a ballad popular in Nova Scotia, 'The Furzy Ditch Where I Met My Lover.'"

And the parson sang:

"The Bras d'Or lakes are home to me;
Yea, an' I'd have no other."

"Shut up, you free air station," snapped McQuistion. "I wasn't talking to you. I'm asking that muddy guy was he the guy we chased into the gully down the Fort Covington Road."

"I am," said Hamilcar. "What of it?"

"Come over here and let's have a good look at you."

"I'm staying here for the night—on this side of the border."

"So you *are* running booze, hey?" cried McQuistion. "I thought so. Well, I'll know you the next time I see you."

"Never ran booze in my life and wasn't thinking of doing it. I was on my way to visit my brother in Valleyfield."

"Who's your brother?"

"Hannibal Duffy. He's a farmer."

"Like I am a United States Senator," sneered McQuistion. "Nothing in his barns but booze. Nothing in his cellar but stills. No, you ain't thinking of running booze. The hell you ain't."

McQUISTION and Goldfrap bought their own drinks on the Canadian side of the bar and asked Mary Reilly whether she could put them up for the night. Without further argument with the Canada contingent and its ward, Mr. Hamilcar Duffy, they went to bed in an upstairs room under the United States end of the gable.

The excitement over, the company began to break up. In pairs and singly the boys began to depart. It was three in the morning. Only Parson Parrot, Chief Two and Two, Corporal Bridget, Hamilcar Duffy and I remained. The inconsequential Henry Reilly pattered off to bed. The delicious Patricia was preparing to do likewise. A rattle, a roar, and a great splashing outside the northern door warned us of the impending arrival of a belated customer.

It was the Whippet. They called him the Whippet because he looked like a Whippet. It is quite possible that not all of the mean things said about the Whippet were true. He was the sort that courts exaggeration. Probably nasty enough, though. Drunk, too. He stumbled to the bar.

"Gimme a drink; gimme two drinks at one time." His eyes were glazed. He was barking at Pat, but probably couldn't see her through his blur. "Forty-five cases on my rotten boiler. Got to make Lake Placid before morning. Off the road five times in an hour. Damn rotten Canada roads. Like everything in the country—rotten. So dark I missed the upper end of Fort Covington Road. Forty-five cases packed so tight can't get a bottle out. Gimme three drinks all in one."

They gave him a drink that should have

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He lifted the Whippet with his left hand and propped him against the bar. With his right he bashed the Whippet.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

knocked him down. He merely quivered. The whisky cleared his eyes. The warmth of Queen Vic fused with that of the alcohol. The Whippet grinned. Pat was moving toward the stairs. She might have been the only other person in the place for all the attention the Whippet paid to us.

"Got just ten minutes to talk to a cutie like you, Pat," he said. He tried to take her by the arm.

Corporal Bridget, upon whom the lovely Patricia had bestowed her wink, was on his feet even before Parson Parrot. The corporal had served his time in that outfit which, tradition has it, always gets its man. Seven years in the Northwest Mounted. Corporal Bridget proceeded to get his man.

AS a great battle it lacked only duration. The right fist of Corporal Bridget caught the Whippet on the mouth. It was a trifle too high for a knockout. The Whippet landed under the open stairway recently mounted by Patricia. With the back of his left hand the Whippet wiped the blood away, and with his right he reached beneath his coat. He flipped his gun free, fired twice, and missed both times. His gunnery position was difficult.

I want you to believe that Corporal Bridget leaped from a dead halt to the spot occupied by the Whippet. It was a marvelous bit of acrobatic work. The corporal's lithe body described a neat parabola. When he landed upon the Whippet, who had decided to crawl out from beneath the stairs to take better aim, his hands were on the Whippet's neck. As you might throttle and swing a puppy, the corporal choked and swung the Whippet. He hurled the Whippet against the oak bar and was on top of him before he could rise. The gun, knocked out of his hand in the corporal's first assault, was in the middle of the floor—almost beneath Queen Vic, in fact. Mary Reilly was viewing the proceedings with the calm she might have displayed at a lecture on literature. She was neither elated nor downcast. She awaited the inevitable finish as one accustomed to seeing her wishes fulfilled.

The first fire of Corporal Bridget's fury had been spent. He was now almost dispassionate. It was really too bad that Pat couldn't have seen it done. He lifted the Whippet with his left hand and propped him against the bar. With his right he bashed the Whippet—bashed him without the slightest pity for a man already unconscious. I, the tenderfoot, sickened a little.

"Good God," I said to Parson Parrot, "is he going to kill him that way?"

"What's it to you?" asked the Parson drowsily.

The Whippet was as limp as a recently killed rabbit. The corporal appeared to tire of bashing him. He struck three or four more blows on the Whippet's face—a face now horrible to look at—and then dragged the Whippet to the United States door. He opened it and, as casually as you'd throw a wet rag, he flipped the Whippet into the storm.

"A nightcap, Mary, before we turn in," suggested Corporal Bridget.

We drank in silence. Nobody mentioned the fight. Nobody appeared to care whether the Whippet was dead or alive. After all, what difference did it make? Mary Reilly threw the bars across the doors, blew out the kerosene lamp at the United States end of the house, and trudged off to bed.

* * * * *

No, the Whippet didn't die. He lived to come back two years later and get a fraction of revenge. It was the Whippet, they will tell you in Malone, Fort Covington, Valleyfield, and other border towns, that destroyed Mary Reilly's roadhouse. And he did it with fire—the fire with which good old Queen Vic warmed the place. The Whippet upset the noble old Queen and her vitals fell upon the tinder floor. He did it with a chair. Drunk . . . Ran wild with the chair in front of him. Bowled into the stove, chair first.

THE END

One of my teeth caught in the pink stocking.

The Pink Stockings

Another Excerpt from Trub's Diary—The Life Story of a Dog

By John Taintor Foote

Illustrated by ROBERT L. DICKEY

NOVEMBER 16. I'm in New York. It's not like the Craycroft Kennels. Not at all. I do not understand much that happened.

It was beginning to get dark when an automobile drove in and stopped by the runways. I had had my supper. Bread and chopped meat. Not enough of it. There never is! The Molecule was in the car. He blew the horn. Mike came out of the kennel house.

Mike said: "An' did ye bate the Princetons now?"

The Molecule got out of the car. He walked better than before. He walked over to Mike. He said:

"In answer to your question. Listen: A fair meadow lies before us under God's own sky. It is all marked out with nice white lines. Into the meadow come eleven little children. They are not in their prams—they are toddling alone, alone. From the opposite direction come eleven bull elephants. They are traveling at a high rate of speed. The herd of elephants passes over the spot where the little children were last seen by the horrified spectators and continue on their way. The band plays Boola-Boola. The trembling multitude departs. Where's my dog?"

Mike said: "Do you happen to remember the one ye picked out?"

The Molecule said: "I do not, but I know his middle name."

Mike said: "An' what is that?"

The Molecule said: "Trouble."

Mike said: "Ye've grasped the main point. A chain goes with him."

The Molecule said: "Produce dog and chain. A pressing matter calls me elsewhere." He got into the automobile.

Mike opened the gate and picked me up and carried me to the car. He said:

"Good-by, me son. Kape thinkin' av th' beauties of pacifism."

He opened the rear door of the automobile and shut me in. He handed a chain through the front window to the young man sitting beside the Molecule. He said: "Ye'll under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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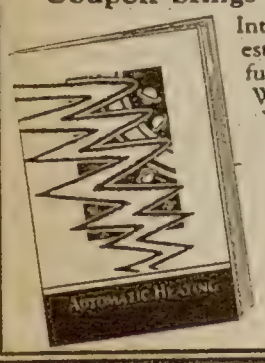

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

stand he's kennel raised and not house broken."

The Molecule said: "The plot thickens." He started the car. We went out the drive. We went fast. We turned into the Post Road. The other young man said:

"Step on it!"

We went much faster. It was glorious! We passed many automobiles. I sat on the back seat and watched through the window. A dog came out of a yard and ran after us. He yelled:

"Get off my road, you dirty bums!"

Before I could think of anything to yell back we left him behind. I was sorry. A man on a motorcycle came along very fast. He wore a uniform. He motioned to the Molecule. The Molecule said —I think I'd better not repeat it. He stopped the car.

The man in uniform said: "What's the hurry?"

The Molecule said: "Late for a date."

The man in uniform was looking at me. He had blue eyes like Mike. I like him. I gave him some wags and a wiggle. He put his hand in the window. I licked his hand. He took hold of my nose and gave it a pinch. I pretended to bite his hand. He made a grab for my front legs. I bounded back and jumped at him and got his arm in my mouth. I gave it a shake. It was fun. He said:

"You let go of that!"

I growled and kept on shaking. He got his arm loose and rolled me over on the seat. When I got up he had taken his arm out of the car. I scratched at the door and dared him to put it in again. He didn't. He spoke to the Molecule. He said:

"If you don't drive slower from now on you'll keep a date at headquarters."

The Molecule said: "What town is this?"

The man in uniform said: "Pelham. You can do twenty through the parkway—not fifty-five."

THE Molecule said: "Mail me ten tickets to the next field day and clam bake of the United Pelham Firemen and Police. My name is Cohen. I live in New York. Address the Bronx, to be sure."

He handed something to the man in uniform.

The man in uniform grinned. Then he looked at me again. He said: "He'll make a good one. I had one like him once." He got on his motorcycle and went away from there. So did we. The Molecule said: "Atta boy, Trub." He seemed to be talking to me. I wondered if Trub was my new name. I hoped so. I liked it. Who wouldn't, after "Royal Boy"?

We did not go so fast after that. I was sorry.

The other young man said: "Have you seen the friend?"

The Molecule said: "No, but Gladys says she's the alligator's elbow."

The other young man said: "They always do. I'll look her over. If I can't see her, I'll cough and we'll toddle along."

The Molecule said: "Check, old companion! And listen: I've mingled with the haughty Gladys twice. Both times she's done the eat and run. If she happens to mention another date, ere we foregather at the groaning board, we exit smiling. Gimme a cigaret."

My neck is still stiff. Driving down a road called Broadway did it. It was night when we got to this road and then it was daytime again. If I looked out one window something happened at the other. It was like that every second. We drove to a place called the Biltmore. It was a nice place. It was full of girls and young men. The girls all smelled delicious!

WE went over to two girls sitting on a couch. One was a dark-haired girl and one was a light haired girl. The dark haired girl had on pink stockings. She was frowning. She looked at the clock. She said:

"We've been parked here for twenty minutes. Whom do you think you are? Valentino?"

The Molecule said: "Snap out of it, Glad, and meet my boyhood friend, Count Cuspidor."

The other young man shook hands with the girl in the pink stockings.

She said: "This is Edyth, and we're both starving."

The other young man looked at the blonde girl. He said: "Hello, Mary, does Doug know you're here?" Then he coughed.

The blonde girl said: "Help! I'm up against a kidder and I like his eyes."

She gave the other young man a kind look.

The Molecule said: "The count's epiglottis won't click or something. He's got to see a throat specialist or he'll cough his head off. You wild women reel over to your apartment and we'll give you a jingle in half an hour."

The dark haired girl said: "I wouldn't wait a half hour for Flo Ziegfeld. I've got a rehearsal at nine."

The other young man had sat down on the couch. He was holding the blonde girl by the hand. He said: "Forget it, Fishface—my cough's a lot better."

The Molecule said: "It seems to come and go."

The other young man said: "I'll tell the cockeyed world!" He gave the blonde girl a kind look.

The Molecule said: "Listen carefully to what follows. You're going with me and say 'Ah' for the nice doctor." He gave the other young man a look. It was not a kind look.

The other young man got up

from the couch. He said: "Sure thing, if you say so, old egg."

The lights had begun to hurt my eyes. I crawled under the couch and lay down. It was nice and dark, like a cave. I began to play a new game—Wolf in His Lair. When people walked past I could see their feet. I pretended the feet were going to attack the cave. I growled at them. It was splendid!

I could hear the Molecule and the black haired girl talking. They were having an argument. She said: "Don't tell me he can't eat something before he sees the doctor."

The Molecule said: "I wish he could—I'm hungry myself, but he might have a paroxysm and they're awful."

No more feet were going by. I was sorry. It spoiled the new game. I saw a slipper and a nice shiny pink leg just outside the cave. The slipper began to tap on the floor. I growled at it and crouched for a spring.

The dark haired girl said: "I'll tell you what to do; let Mr. Whatever-his-name-is go see the doctor alone and come back here. You stay and order dinner. I want guinea hen en casserole and mushrooms under glass."

The slipper stopped tapping. I attacked. It was fun. I missed the slipper, but I got the leg. I pretended to bite it. I heard a scream. The leg was snatched away. I still have my puppy teeth—quite sharp. One of them caught in the pink stocking. There was a ripping sound. The Molecule pulled me from under the couch.

The dark haired girl's stocking was torn down to her slipper. I can't remember all she said—she talked too fast. She was calling the Molecule names. She called me names, too. She called me a sneaky kioodle and a snapping little pup.

The Molecule said: "Here's the price of a new pair, and now go to hell."

We went away from there.

When we were outside the Molecule stood on the sidewalk and looked at me.

The other young man said: "There was something about the blonde I liked."

The Molecule said: "Guinea hen and mushrooms under glass—and then he bit her."

He began to laugh. The other young man began to laugh. They leaned against a building and laughed. They hung on to each other and did it.

I wonder why. I don't understand New York.

Another installment in an early issue.

The Four *Leading* Candidates

Some Inside Stuff on the Presidential Nominations

By Arthur Sears Henning

HIRAM JOHNSON

COOLIDGE
JOHNSON
M'ADOO
SMITH

Which?

THE curtain is about to rise on the first act in the great quadrennial drama—the choosing of the ruler of the United States by its citizenry.

In this act we view the national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties—first, the Republican in Cleveland, June 10, followed swiftly by the Democratic in New York City, June 24. By July 4 presumably the candidates of the major parties—and perhaps of a third party—for President and Vice President will have been selected.

The scene at Cleveland will lack the well known dramatic element of suspense. The audience will know its ending before its beginning. There will be but two chief actors—President Coolidge and Senator Hiram Johnson of California—and the plot will be extremely simple. They will engage in combat briefly and, as seems a foregone conclusion when this is written, the President will triumph and Senator Johnson will bite the dust. However, as some observers view the matter, every convention offers an opportunity for the unexpected to happen, and these persons still regard Johnson as a possibility, although admitting that possibility now seems remote.

Action and thrills will be reserved for the next scene at New York City. Elbowing each other for the spotlight will be a score or more of the stars in the Democratic troupe, any one of whom, or perhaps a rank outsider, may be the lucky winner of the hand of the princess. There will be plot and counterplot galore, intrigue so deep and stratagems so devious as to stagger the comprehension, and how it all will turn out none will dare prophesy.

President Coolidge views the prospective developments calmly and imperturbably. He is always calm and imperturbable—even when he looks back upon his own spectacular, magical rise from provincial obscurity to head of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Underwood and Underwood.

"How many shaves to a blade?"

A question men ask lately

JUDGE these shaving facts, men, and let your reasoning be your guide.

The average safety razor blade gives a perfect shave the *first* time, then diminishes with each subsequent shave because it gradually dulls.

Beards differ. Skins differ. The average number of shaves with the average blade is six to eight. Then the blade must be thrown away.

Now consider carefully Valet AutoStrop Razor blades: Each and every shave is with a new-like blade. A few seconds of automatic stropping restores super-keenness.

Thus our blade gives twice the average service—and *every* shave perfect.

"What about speed?"

A speedy shave means this: A super-keen blade means only *once over*. No scraping. No pull. No skin irritation. The faster the shave, the finer. That's why we claim "78 seconds from lather to towel"—as thousands of men testify is the ideal shave. No other safety razor on earth offers the Valet AutoStrop Razor superiorities. We urge you to buy one now and learn the joys of "every shave a perfect shave."

Valet AutoStrop Razor

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

republic in less than a decade. There is no record of Calvin Coolidge ever losing his head or getting excited—not even when he was handed his first pay check as President, which represented a salary raise of 625 per cent! In the midst of excitement, be it in the household, the party, the state, or the nation, the one pre-eminently cool and collected individual is this little, slender, modest, rufous Yankee with the mouth turned down at the corners and the twinkling blue eyes.

The first thing you notice upon meeting Mr. Coolidge is that, as has been generally remarked, he is extremely economical of language, particularly the spoken word, and the next is, what is never mentioned, his sense of humor. No joke ever gets by Calvin Coolidge, and, while he is no jokesmith himself, his talk, when he does talk, is wont to crackle with dry, Yankee humor.

That the new President possesses a fund of humor was demonstrated at the dinner of the Gridiron Club of Washington newspaper correspondents last December, which marked the first public appearance and address by Mr. Coolidge after assuming the Presidency. He entered into the fun of the satires on the doings of public men and representatives of the press, and when it came his turn to speak at the conclusion of the dinner he tapped a vein of pleasant raillery which soon had the 400 distinguished guests bubbling over with laughter.

You may retort that this proves nothing more than that everybody laughs when a President laughs. Not so, however, at Gridiron dinners. The last President with whom we laughed was William Howard Taft, who brought to his office the most highly developed sense of humor of any President since Lincoln.

WHEN folks discovered that Calvin Coolidge could laugh and make others laugh, they said:

"Why, he's human, after all."

His intimates, from vivacious, witty Mrs. Coolidge to his quiet, unobtrusive patron, Frank W. Stearns, had known it all the time, but it was news to others. It was a great relief, for the first impression generally of the President was that he was much too serious and industrious and persevering and faultless altogether to be quite human, in the estimate of us Washington correspondents who love company and are suspicious of outsiders.

Mr. Coolidge is serious and silent, but we find we don't mind it any more than he minds being caricatured as a sphinx. We find that his seriousness and his silence are the outward manifestation of the fact that there is more hard work and hard thinking being applied to the square inch in the White House now than has been devoted to the executive job in many a day.

The President puts in about sixteen hours a day thinking out the problems of administration, even when he is exercising on his matutinal walks, and when he gets a thing thought out he is anything but silent on the subject, as the newspaper correspondents soon learned at their semi-weekly audiences with the chief executive. They found that he discusses public affairs more freely and frankly, with greater accuracy of detail and with a more profound knowledge of the principle and practice of American government, than any of his predecessors of this generation.

IT is not surprising that President Coolidge should possess this grasp of the theory and practice of government. He worked his way up in the occupation of governing a step at a time from the lowest rung on the ladder. Facetiously commenting on his taciturnity, the President once remarked that he never had hesitated to speak up when he wanted public office and that folks had had no difficulty hearing him on such occasions.

He first asked for the job of alderman and got it. He was reelected. Then he asked promotion to the office of city solicitor and got it, also a reëlection. Next, by the same process, he moved on to the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, where he served two terms, and then after two terms as mayor of Northampton he entered the State Senate for four terms. He asked for the position of president of the senate and got it—two terms—then for the office of Lieutenant Governor, and got that—three terms.

He was elected and reëlected Governor. Then promoted to the vice presidency. Then the hand of Fate made him President.

Mr. Coolidge is not depicted as a brilliant man by his most enthusiastic admirers. He is, however, a trained executive who has brought to the chief administrative office of the national government a broad knowledge of public affairs, a keen insight into problems presenting themselves daily for solution, a stiff necked honesty and respect for law, an intolerance of such sordid influences as have been recently exposed as flourishing in Washington, and a rare judgment of men.

The President abstains from liquor, though he used to indulge in an occasional cocktail before the advent of prohibition. He smokes cigars moderately. He does not dance or play cards because his tastes do not run in that direction. He is fond of the theater, but he is fondest of the relaxation and merriment of the home circle enlivened

GOV. A. E. SMITH © Marceau Studio.

by the exuberant spirits of Mrs. Coolidge and the doings of the Coolidge boys, John and Calvin Jr.

You would not expect such a man to be a "joiner," and he is not. He belongs to no societies. He joined the church—the Congregational, of which Mrs. Coolidge was a member—after he assumed the Presidency.

IF the Republican ticket wins this year we know that Calvin Coolidge will be President for four years more. But if the Democratic ticket wins we can only hazard a guess as to the identity of the chief executive for the next term. It may be any one on the list of twenty or more prominent Jeffersonians figuring as candidates for the Democratic nomination as the "favorite sons" of States or as potential "dark horses."

The candidates with the largest number of delegates each on the first ballot, according to indications at this writing, will be William G. McAdoo of California, son-in-law of the late Woodrow Wilson and formerly Secretary of the Treasury; Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, and United States Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama.

If this trio should be eliminated John W. Davis of West Virginia, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana would loom forth in the forefront of the company in which a compromise candidate would be sought, a company including also such leaders as Governor G. S. Silzer of New Jersey, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, John Barton Payne of Illinois, Mayor William Dever of Chicago, Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, Governor J. M. Davis of Kansas, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, and Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado.

In point of number of delegates it now seems that Mr. McAdoo and Governor Smith will figure as favorites when the convention opens, each the leader of formidable forces which will do desperate battle for the big prize —McAdoo marshaling the liberals and drys of the party, Smith the conservatives and wets. It will be an exciting and spectacular struggle, one which will give even jaded Gotham a thrill.

And if either McAdoo or Smith should be nominated the country would receive just one thrill after another right up to the day of balloting. With either of these vivid personalities pitted against President Coolidge there would be no lack of fireworks.

Mr. McAdoo is generally referred to as a human dynamo. He is all of that, all restless energy, the ideas flying from his brain like sparks from an emery wheel. He was such a whirlwind of inspiration and energy during the war that his more cautious, more sluggish colleagues in the cabinet dreaded the cabinet meetings at which they were so frequently outshone in brilliant suggestions by the President's son-in-law.

McAdoo was always able at a moment's notice to sketch a program of action for the President, which all too frequently exposed by inference the lack of foresight or illuminated other shortcomings of his fellow cabinet members.

WILLIAM G. M'ADOO © Underwood and Underwood.

Mr. McAdoo is sixty-one years old and was fifty before he was known nationally. But he is a fast worker and always doing the impossible. Nobody thought he could build the Hudson tunnels, but he did. Then while folks smiled he jumped into politics, and before they could catch their breath he was Secretary of the Treasury. He resigned that and numerous other jobs in the Wilson administration in order to earn some money for his family, being dead broke at the time, he said, and within five years he had amassed a fortune. People said it couldn't be done, but he did it. Having banished want, he has gone after the Presidency with all his boundless energy and resourcefulness.

WHETHER "Al" Smith wins or loses, his devoted followers in the convention, lifting their voices on their own stamping ground, are going to sing "The Sidewalks of New York" as that classic never has been sung and, if a candidate can be sung to victory, they are going to do it. And a Democratic national convention, as all who went to San Francisco in 1920 can testify, is some singing society!

Few people know whether his name is Alfred or Albert or Aloysius. He is universally known as Al, always has been and would be, even should he be lodged in the White House after March 4, 1925. Not familiarity but affection the shortened monicker betokens, affection for a man who is "just one of us folks," having worked his way up from poverty and a job in a fish market, and who doesn't put on any more airs today than he did then.

He was born on New York's East Side, still lives there, and is the incarnation of the spirit of the East Side. In point of popularity there is no one with whom to compare this Democrat save Roosevelt, the aristocrat. Republicans vie with Democrats in voting for him.

Candidate for Governor in 1920, he ran 500,000 votes ahead of the candidate for President on his own ticket, and in 1922 he beat Governor Miller by 385,000.

No wonder the soothsayers warn the Republicans it will be good-by to New York's forty-five electoral votes if Al Smith should be nominated for President.

One day after Al got out of the fish market into a Tammany job in the courthouse he was hailed by his district leader in this wise:

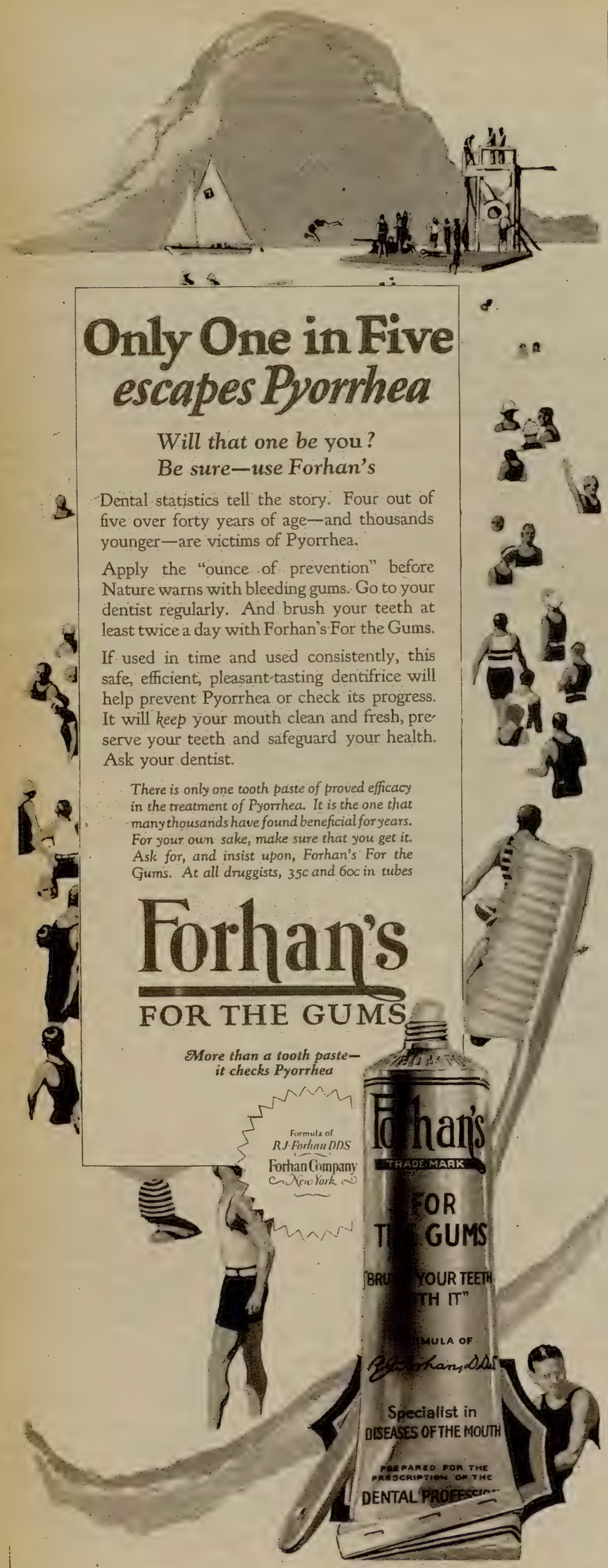
"Say, Al, is that the best suit of clothes you've got?"

"Yes, and the only one," the young man answered.

"Well, get home and have it pressed, because we're going to nominate you for the Assembly tonight."

They did, and Al began working up in the State government until in his second term as Governor he stands today as probably the most thoroughly informed person in New York on the government of that commonwealth. As to running the national government, he knows about as much, his friends are sure, as did Calvin Coolidge four years ago. Al is just a year younger than the President and says he doesn't know everything, but that he can learn.

THE END



Only One in Five *escapes Pyorrhea*

Will that one be you?
Be sure—use Forhan's

Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhea.

Apply the "ounce of prevention" before Nature warns with bleeding gums. Go to your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will *keep* your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
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BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

The Maiden's Prayer

At the close of Grace's evening prayer it was her habit to ask a blessing for each member of the family. This evening she was going down a long list of aunties, uncles, and cousins, when she stopped suddenly, sighed, and in a tired little voice said, "O, dear, I wish my 'lations would pray for themselves." —L. D. L., Chicago.

* * *

Forgetting Marconi

The opera was coming in nicely over the new radio and John was listening attentively. Finally he said, "Mamma, I can't understand a word they're saying."

"No, dear," explained his mother. "They're singing in Italian."

"Italian, huh! Do they think only Italians own radios?" John replied. —H. A., River Forest, Ill.

* * *

Giving the Password

Robert and George, brothers, were fond of dogs. George had coaxed a stray dog to come home with him, and he called to Robert. As Robert approached the dog barked furiously. Robert stopped and said, "Don't bark at me, I'm his brother."—G. S., Chicago.

* * *

Making It Unanimous

The wedding was progressing beautifully—the bride, the bridesmaids, the flower girls, and even Georgie, the ringbearer, had completed their slow journey down the long aisle with all the grandeur and solemnity due the fashionable wedding.

It came the bride's turn to say "I do"—which was scarcely audible.

Out of the stillness a little boy's voice piped, "I do, too."—M. G. H., Chicago.

* * *

Tooled Off Yet?

Johnny had been up to mischief as usual and mother was scolding him very severely. One of her many remarks was "O! You do make me so nervous, Johnny!"

When the storm was over the little fellow slipped quietly up to mother and whispered, "Muvver, is your nerves tooled off yet?"—R. M. S., Racine, Wis.

* * *

Bare Skin Socks

"Well, what kind of socks have you got on today?" I teasingly asked my small barefooted neighbor.

"I hasn't dot on any socks," he answered, sweetly. "I'se dot on my bare feets."—K. D. B., McGregor, Ia.

* * *

Her "Party" Gone!

Shirley Jane was having a two-year birthday party. Her birthday cake was cut and every one took a piece and the cake was gone. All of a sudden Shirley Jane called out, "Now birthday party all gone!"—F. W. G., Chicago.

FREE Your choice. See coupon.

To Girls

I offer new beauty. To women new youth.

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

My mother made herself a beauty. She kept her youthful beauty until she died at 57.

From my earliest years she urged me to follow her example. She told me her secrets, gave me her formulas. Then together we traveled the beauty-loving world in search of better methods.

As a result, I became a famous beauty, and have had a wonderful career. And now, after 40 years in the limelight, I retain my youthful bloom.

In return for this, I am trying to help other girls and women. In my lifetime I have gathered many great beauty helps. Most of them I owe to France. Experts combined them for me in four preparations, easy to apply. These helps brought me beauty and perennial youth. I believe they embody the greatest beauty helps in existence.

Now I am placing these very helps at every woman's call. And I hope to see them bring to millions what they brought to me.

White Youth Clay

One is my White Youth Clay. Not like the crude and muddy clays so many still employ. My Clay is white, refined and dainty. It has been perfected by many years of scientific study. It has added factors which bring multiplied results.

I use White Youth Clay to purge my skin of all that clogs or mars it. To remove the cause of blackheads and blemishes. To bring the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The result is a rosy afterglow, amazing and delightful.

Youth Clay also firms the skin, combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores. My baby-like complexion, which so many young girls envy, shows what this clay can do.

Clay is a beauty essential. Even the crude clays are bringing millions new beauty and new youth. No girl or woman can afford to go without it. But use this new-type clay, this super-clay. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1.

Two Matchless Creams

My Youth Cream is a cold cream. It is a marvelous creation. It embodies products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that modern science knows to foster and protect the skin.

I use it after my Clay. Also as a night cream. Also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. No cream you ever tested can compare with this. My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. The price is 60c.

Facial Youth is my liquid cleanser, discovered by French experts. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the grime, dead skin and clogging matter come out with it. You will never know what a clean skin means until you try my Facial Youth. The cost is 75c.

My Envied Hair

My hair is thick and lustrous, and grows finer every year. I have never known falling hair or dandruff, and never a touch of gray. All this is due to my Hair Youth, which combines the utmost science knows for hair.

I apply Hair Youth with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. This does not muss the hair. It combats the hardened oil and dandruff which so stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates. I can do no greater kindness than to urge you to employ it. It costs 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. With each one comes my Beauty Book and my guarantee. I will mail a sample of any one if you will send this coupon.

Your Choice Free

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

☐ White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream
☐ Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth

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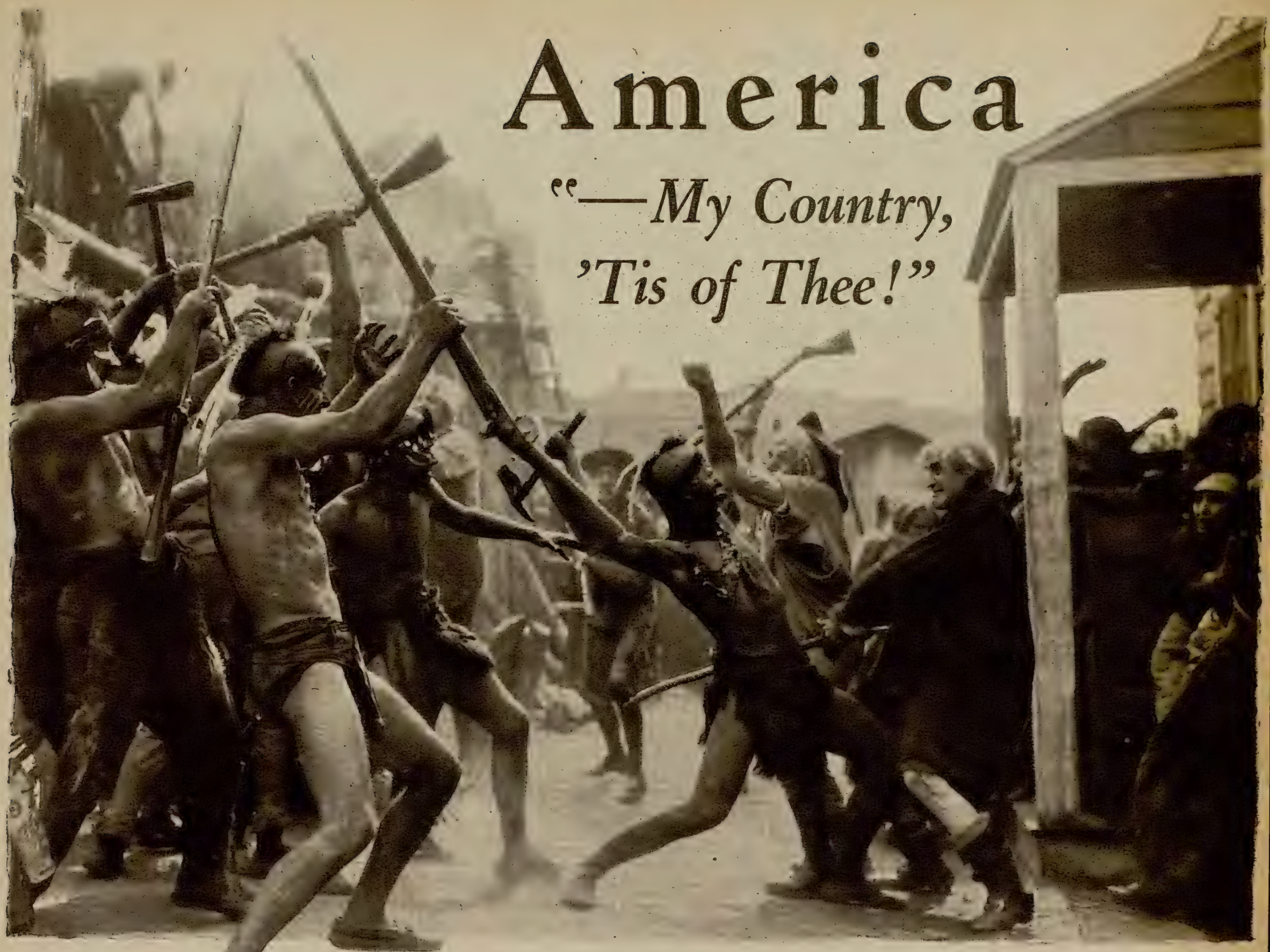
America

"—My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"



Battle scene from Griffith's film masterpiece, "America."

By Frances Peck

It's a grand thing to be a movie critic when the screen opens up and divulges a picture like this!

"America" is the greatest picture D. W. Griffith has made since "The Birth of a Nation." He says:

"It's my historical tribute to George Washington!"

For a long time Mr. Griffith had such a picture in mind. Then, as if in answer to his half formulated plans, came the D. A. R. asking that—for them—he undertake the making of such a photoplay.

* * *

It seemed too good to be true to this man who is still paying the bills on "Intolerance." Promptly he set to work. The picture must have thrill, punch, but—most of all—accuracy. The thrill and punch didn't worry him. The "maker" of a thousand stars—director of photoplays innumerable—"thrill and punch" are all in the day's work to him. What DID worry him was the research work, at which he immediately got busy at the request of Will Hays, who has taken an active interest in the film.

And so—we have immortalized on the silversheet the ride of Paul Revere; the battle of Lexington—a dozen other battles staged with the help of the U. S. A., historical societies, etc., to the sweetly minor notes of an entrancing love story in which Carol Dempster is the heroine, Niel Hamilton the lover, and Lionel Barrymore the terrible "other man."

* * *

The producer personally visited every important battlefield in the Mohawk Valley. You know—the scenes where the Indian conflicts were so hot and heavy. Right on the ground where some of our most soul-stirring history occurred, "America" was filmed.

"America" sends you away proud and patriotic. The film is splendidly produced.

If you contemplate viewing other pictures—

"See 'America' first."

"AMERICA"

Produced and Directed by David Wark Griffith.

THE CAST

Nathan Holden	*Niel Hamilton*
Justice Montague	*Erville Alderson*
Nancy Montague	*Carol Dempster*
Charles Philip Edward Montague	*Charles Emmett Mack*
John Hancock	*John Dunton*
King George III	*Arthur Donaldson*
William Pitt	*Charles Bennett*
Thomas Jefferson	*Frank Walsh*
Patrick Henry	*Frank McGlynn Jr.*
George Washington	*Arthur Dewey*
Captain Walter Butler	*Lionel Barrymore*
Sir Ashley Montague	*Sidney Deane*
General Gage	*W. W. Jones*
Chief of Senecas, Hiakatoo	*Harry Semalls*
Paul Revere	*Harry O'Neill*
John Parker, Captain of Minute Men	*H. Van Bousen*
Major Pitcairn	*Hugh Baird*
Colonel Prescott	*H. Koser*
Major General Warren	*Michael Donovan*
Chief of Mohawks	*Riley Hatch*
Lord North	*Emil Hoch*

FANS' SAY SO

Come right out and tell the world!

Caroline J.: If you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope I'll send you the addresses you ask for.

* * *

Sam N.: Pardon me—but I can't see just what your question has to do with the motion picture business.

Next Week! *About Barbara La Marr as "The Lady Known as Lou" in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."*

Viola Brothers Shore Discusses—

Should Women Propose?

To Which the Answer Seems to Be

No! But How Are You Going to Stop 'Em?

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

LEAP YEAR invariably brings out a lot of discussions about whether women should propose. Of course, nobody but a babe in arms would ask that question in all seriousness. The question, if any, would be whether women should stop proposing.

Should women propose to men? The answer is, No. Not if they can get them any other way.

I, for one, am opposed to the practice of proposals by women. It should be stopped. That would be one way of putting an end to a lot of the needless marrying that's going on.

Proposing by women was comparatively rare in the old days, except during leap year, when there was a law which made a man who refused such an offer liable to a fine of five dollars unless he could produce a good reason for declining, such as a wife or something. I doubt whether any man ever accepted a proposal to avoid payment of the five dollars, any more than a man would drown himself to keep from getting his feet wet.

In mother's day no girl considered herself thoroughly proposed to unless the young man got down on his knees. *O Tempora! O Morons!* Times have certainly changed. Nowadays the only time a man gets down on his knees is when the soap slips under the tub.

In those olden days the definition of a perfect gent was one who didn't try to kiss you until the second time. Now that's the definition of a dead one.

In plays, which are a fair barometer of the life of the times, you never hear a good, round proposal any more. They all seem to run more or less like this:

He and She are discovered alone on the stage. Nothing is heard save the bronchial activities of those benighted souls in the audience who have never met the Smith Brothers face to whisker. Perhaps in the distance you hear the gentle strains of the saxophone. There is in the air that strange, indefinable, intangible something which leads you to suspect the author has done all an author can do for a young man ripe for a proposal.

BUT what does the young man do? This is a rhetorical question. Because we all know that the young man doesn't do a solitary thing except run a nervous finger inside his collar and try to extricate his Adam's apple from his collar button.

But She doesn't give any signs of suffering from embarrassment. If She's suffering from anything, it's a touch of eagerness. She knows what she has to do and brightly, sweetly, femininely yet with determination, she does it.

"Yes, Jim," She says clairvoyantly, "I'll marry you."

Whereupon he cries "My darling!" and folds her in his manly arms.

Lots of times a woman does the real proposing without, however, signing her initials to the job.

Comes an evening; when they just *happen* to be talking about marriage in a general sort of way.

"When I marry," he spouts abstractedly, "I shall expect my wife to keep on being my pal and my sweetheart."

"I know just what you mean, Seymour," she replies, as innocent of guile as a steel trap, "and I shall do my best——" This mode of attack is not considered unfeminine.

A DEXTEROUS and determined girl can twist anything into anything without disturbing her rôle of shrinking violet.

Assume, for instance, that he were to say, in an unguarded moment of persiflage, "What do you take me for?" And she were to reply, quick as flash in the same spirit, "For better or worse." Might he not suddenly find the conversation a little beyond his control? And could he have the consolation, over a future breakfast table, when she wondered audibly what had led her to marry him, of reminding her that she wasn't so much led as leading?

There are other ways of ensnaring the victim, more subtle and insidious.

Suppose they stay out very late and she is worried about Ma. As they near the house she gives voice to this worry for the severalth time.

"Ma will be *awfully* sore. . . ." A little pause during which he may writhe in his guilt to the chiva'rous core of him. Then—

"Julius, do you mind if I tell her we're engaged? Just so she won't *kill* me? And then, afterwards, we can break it off. . . ."

Hah! Breitbart the Strong Man, who makes his living biting his way through chains and snapping iron bars in vaudeville, couldn't break it off.

There is the old dodge of taking his ring and slipping it on her finger and "pretending to be engaged." . . . And if he does a Houdini out of that he is no mean eel.

How many men have really believed they were marrying a girl to save her from an even worse fate!

Where is the girl who used to gasp, "O Mr. Smith, this is so sudden!"

If anybody is surprised by a proposal of marriage nowadays, it's the man. Even if he is one of those rare birds who does his own proposing. *Especially* if he is one of those R. B.'s who does his own proposing. He's terribly surprised. He can't imagine how he came to do it!

But the girl doesn't live who isn't prepared for any proposal that hits her. My Lord, she ought to be, after spending weeks and months working on it. A girl knows all about a man's intentions long before he does. She knows he is going to want to marry her, early in the game. But, of course, not so early as the neighbors.

Some matches are made in Heaven. But most are only parlor matches.

Perhaps I am a little too cynical. On second thought, there is only one type of men to whom women ordinarily propose. Single men.

I don't say all marriages are the result of direct and indirect proposing by women. Only about eighty per cent. A great many come to pass through a sort of natural combustion. And by the time the smoke clears away the man finds the invitations just arriving from the engraver.

MY mother assures me that in her day women managed to be proposed to. And that, when he is good and ready, a man will ask a woman for her hand, if he *really wants to marry her.* But what has that to do with the question? I do believe a man might now and then do his own proposing if the woman didn't up and beat him to it. But most of us are pretty busy these days, and we can't afford to sit around that long.

It was much easier to get a man to propose in the old days. If they both sat long enough on one of those horsehair sofas, the poor fellow simply had to find an outlet for his feelings. Whereas today even if a man's mind should start to skip toward a little vine-clad cottage with pansy beds running up the front walk and aluminum salesmen up the back, he can always turn on the victrola and dance. And that will take his mind off anything.

Then, too, the radio has a lot to do with the falling proposal rate. A man who has a radio chattering around the place twenty-four hours a day, including Sundays, doesn't feel the need of a wife.

And if the girl's home should have a radio (and that's like saying IF two drummers should begin to swap stories), probably Father, who wouldn't go to a first hand concert if they gave him a free subscription and coupons and the key to the city, sits up in the parlor until midnight listening to the fragments which dribble in from Pittsburgh. And the presence of the family never yet hot-housed a budding romance into a full blown bouquet of orange blossoms. The words "absence makes the heart grow fonder" refer distinctly to the absence of the parents during the mating season.

Owing to the virulence of the victrola and the radio, a wise girl will do her popping

An Amusing Analysis of a Mooted Leap Year Question, with "Every Woman for Herself and Men for Us All," as Miss Shore Expresses It.

"I know just what you mean, Seymour, and I shall do my best——"

early. I believe there are men who actually know how to make a bona fide romantic proposal of marriage with all the right inflections and trimmings like they do in books, although I personally have never met any. But then, my experience has been limited. I never met a one armed 'cello player or a deaf and dumb ventriloquist, either.

My experience has been you can lead a man to the question, but you can't make him pop.

Occasionally a man will ask a woman who is interested in him to marry him. Because here, at last, he has found some one with whom he has a community of interest.

One proposal is every woman's due. Two are a tribute. Three are flattery. More than three are fiction.

A man will often tell a woman he is too old to marry. But Time is woman's ancient enemy and why should she heed his decrees?

THERE is one sure way to avoid being snared into matrimony, and that is to keep a wife always on hand. But that is effective at the price of practicability. Like avoiding broken glass in the road ahead by running your car over a cliff. Or drowning the children to escape the inheritance tax.

The reason so many women want to marry worthless men is because they figure half a loafer is better than no breadwinner.

It's hard to get any real, unbiased data on the subject of proposals from men. They won't talk frankly. If they have done the proposing they don't care to discuss it; if they haven't they don't dare to.

Men hate to talk about proposals they have survived. Women love to. Man proposes and woman discloses.

The proposals women remember best are from the men they didn't accept, especially from those men who have moved out of the country.

My advice to men is—Marry in haste, but propose at leisure.

My advice to women is—Look before you leap-year. And never ask a man whether his intentions are honorable. It is better not to let him know there is any alternative.

The motto for the Feminist Zion is to be "Every Woman for Herself and Men for Us All."

In the meanwhile, Should women propose? No. But how are you going to stop 'em?

THE END

ORDERED TO PLUNGE INTO SEA WITH PLANE!

Courageous British Airman Takes Death-Defying Chances to Make Test for His Government

"TAKE A HEADER INTO THE SEA WITH YOUR PLANE," the British Air Ministry commanded Lieut. Rea. "We'd like to find out how long the plane will float." So Lieut. Rea and the DH-18 crashed into the water off Felixstowe just as the picture shows. Lieut. Rea is the tiny figure indicated by the arrow. P. & A. Photo

YES, HE ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE. Lieut. Rea being rescued just before his plane vanished beneath the waves following its spectacular plunge. Every precaution was taken to prevent loss of life. P. & A. Photo

ROUMANIA'S PRETTIEST GIRL, selected by the greatest artists of that country, is Mlle. Borotescu, a Bucharest society belle. She is wearing her great-great-grandmother's bridal costume. P. & A. Photo

EVADING DEATH AS WALL FALLS

DEATH PASSED WITHIN A FEW INCHES of this Chicago fireman, perched on a ladder and fighting a blaze in a five story warehouse, but he escaped the portion of falling wall and sustained only minor injuries. Four others were hurt.

P. & A. Photo.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN, and every inch an American girl, Miss Beatrice Stribling looked like this when gowned, crowned, and sceptered as queen of the spring festival celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto. They call it the Fiesta de San Jacinto in Texas.

Wide World Photo.

When Pay Day Comes Around

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Third of "The Five Crises in a Woman's Life"

Illustrated by F. VAUX WILSON.

IF Solomon had lived today and his seven hundred wives had each demanded an allowance he would probably have ended in the divorce courts—or in bankruptcy. More than the wealth of Ophir and Ind would have been required to cope with such a situation—at present prices.

And yet, what is the wife to do who suddenly awakens to the fact that she has less actual spending money than her cook—whose husband hands her over a certain amount of cash for the "help" each week, when pay day comes around, without the least suggestion that she, too, should be included in the pay roll?

It was very different in the days before she was married. Then a fond and indulgent parent gave her a weekly allowance. If that new evening gown, those longed-for furs strained it unduly, there was always dad's checkbook to fall back upon. If dad proved unexpectedly hard-hearted, mother could usually be depended on to come to the rescue and talk him around.

But this thing of going to one's husband, a man not related to one at all, and asking him for money—ugh!

Still, there seems no way out of it. The honeymoon is over and the stern realities of existence stare one in the face. No trousseau, however elaborate, can be expected to last forever. A bride wants to look her best, to have her husband feel proud of her. And it can't be done on air. Dad's allowance certainly is sadly missed.

Too often in our American middle-class life the mistress of the house sees her servants go to shop with more cash in their pocketbooks than she has felt at liberty to spend since the day of her marriage! The result is that some fine morning, while trying to reconcile hubby's club dues and other bills with his annoyance over the price of her latest hat, she suddenly asks herself "Why?" and another of life's crises is upon her.

Many women whose husbands pay practically all the household bills by check and who are allowed the widest latitude in the matter of their purchases so long as the latter are charged, scarcely see a twenty dollar bill from one year's end to the other, unless it be in the form of wages, to be paid to some one else! Why should not these wageless wives question the justice of such a system?

"It isn't fair," the writer heard a young wife say recently. "I work quite as hard as my servants do—harder, in fact, for they have their regular hours and days off, while my work never stops. And, while working harder, I am actually a great deal poorer than they are. Tom and I have to save every cent to pay for the new house, of course, but it is something of a shock to find your maid buying more expensive gloves and shoes and perfumes than you can afford yourself!

"When I say anything to Tom about it he only laughs and tells me I'm talking nonsense

Any woman who is obliged to go to her husband for every dollar she spends cannot escape a feeling of humiliation —*Says MR. KUMMER*

—that I have a lovely home and everything and what am I kicking about? I should have an allowance, of course, but whenever I suggest it he says his income is too irregular—that he has to let me make bills and pay them when he has the cash in hand.

"But I'm going to get that allowance just the same. There isn't any reason why I should go on being a wage slave without any wages. If all he wanted was a housekeeper he should have married one."

The husband, however, is apt to think differently.

"All this talk about paying Mollie a salary is tiresome," he may say. "I'm doing the best I can to make her happy. Why blame me if running the house takes all I can earn? I don't get this 'drudgery' stuff. The work of looking after her home ought to be a pleasure to a woman, not something to grumble about. I suppose she does need clothes, although she bought a new dress only last month, and I haven't had a new suit since we were married.

"It's the mortgage on the house that's keeping us poor, of course. But why complain?

"SHE has a whole lot better time of it than I do, sitting in a stuffy office all day while she plays bridge, or goes to the matinée, or shopping.

"When she pulls that stuff about working without wages it makes me laugh. Do I get any wages? Not so you could notice it. Every cent I make is spent on her or on the house. And I work just as hard at my job as she does at hers. Harder, I guess. She ought to try being a farmer's wife for a while—fifteen hours a day, twenty miles from the nearest moving picture house. Then she'd know what drudgery means.

"Why, if I were to turn every dollar I make over to her in the form of 'wages'—let her pay the bills—we'd come out just the same at the end of the year. What does she want an allowance for, anyway? She isn't working for me any more than I am for her. We're both working together, the way I look at it—or ought to be."

All of which sounds well but somehow misses the real point of the matter. Excluding those women who have private incomes of their own, or wealthy husbands, it is safe to say that to the wife of the average middle class business or professional man the question of an allowance to cover the household expenses constitutes a very real and vital problem, and one which the husband cannot afford to ignore.

Any woman who is obliged to go to her husband for every dollar she spends cannot escape a feeling of injustice, of humiliation. She has not had to do so in the past, or, if she has, the experience was a different one. Parents are supposed to take care of their children. Humiliation, in approaching them on money matters, is usually lacking. But now the thing is different. No matter how close she may feel to her husband, it hurts her pride to be placed in the position of begging for what she feels is her just right, particularly when she is almost certain to be asked what she intends to do with it.

Of course, the wise and thoughtful husband never allows his wife to humiliate herself by asking him for money. He thinks of it, gives it to her, in advance. But how many husbands are wise and thoughtful? Ask the wives.

EVERY woman believes she could run her household better if she had a regular allowance, and in nine cases out of ten she is right. It annoys, angers her to be treated as a child, to be humored from time to time with a stick of candy in the form of a costly present, but never by any chance to be entrusted with the handling of money as though she were an equal.

There are women, of course, who either from lack of training or natural extravagance are unfitted to be trusted with the handling of money, but such women are the exception, not the rule, and even they, with a little intelligent coöperation, could learn, given the chance.

Many a woman has married with no greater knowledge of cooking than was needed to make a plate of fudge, and has yet become an excellent cook, when circumstances demanded it. And many a girl has gone to the altar with no more knowledge of money matters than was required to "turn the bills over to dad," and has yet learned to run her house and its finances with efficiency and skill.

But she must be given the chance. She cannot learn anything about the handling of money if she never has any to handle. And the woman whose household bills are paid by her husband each month rarely ever sees any real money.

Most households would be both better and more economically run were the wife given a fixed sum per week or month on which to run them. Economy, like most things, becomes more important when it is personal.

A man or woman saves, manages best when his or her own immediate pocketbook is concerned. The task of handling a fixed sum to

No Trousseau, However Elaborate, Will Last Forever..... Dad's Allowance Is Sadly Missed.

best advantage and still have something left over puts a woman on her mettle, with results proportionately beneficial to her husband. If fifty or seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week has sufficed to run the household in ordinary circumstances, the clever woman on an allowance will accomplish the same result and still have a substantial sum left over for herself.

In facing this "pay day" crisis, the wageless wife is always at a disadvantage. How is she to persuade her husband, wedded to the old hit or miss method, to come around to her way of thinking? And, having so persuaded him, at what figure is the allowance to be fixed?

On the one hand are the household needs — on the other, her husband's income, the exact amount of which she frequently does not know. How strike a just balance? Perhaps the simplest way is to divide the total household expenses for the previous year by twelve and try it for a while on that much per month.

Inevitably she will save. What she saves she will have fairly earned. If she manages well, there will be no more squabbles about bills, no more complaints of extravagance, no more humiliating moments asking for a few dollars to pay that forgotten account at the drug store. No more will hubby insist they are headed straight for the poorhouse.

What is perhaps most important of all is the habit the wife will have formed of using system in handling money, of insisting that she get actual value for what she spends. She will see that the ice man delivers the amount of ice she is paying for, if she has to weigh it herself. No more will the butcher include the weight of his right arm in her sirloin steak. She will think twice before giving her orders for meat, groceries, vegetables over the telephone if she can get better values for less money by going to the market or store. In a word, she will feel herself one of the executive officers of the domestic ship, not just a disinterested passenger. It is her money —why throw it away, when a dollar saved here, or two there, mount up so quickly?

The crisis of the wageless wife usually develops in a sense of outraged pride. It may come six months after the honeymoon or six years, but come it will, usually as a result of some foolish quarrel over money.

After all, marriage is, or should be, a partnership, and no member of any firm can claim the right to spend all the profits. The various crises which lurk along the rocky road of domestic life can be successfully met only if the husband and wife travel hand in hand. Separately, they accomplish nothing; joined together by a firm bond of confidence, respect, and love, they are invincible.

THE END

How Much Wood Could a Wood Chuck Chuck If a Wood Chuck Could Chuck Wood?

Bright Sayings and Tongue Twisters, $5 Each

Our offer of $5 apiece for Bright Sayings of Children published in this weekly has proven immensely popular. Grown-ups love to tell of the unexpected bright sayings of their little friends and relatives.

Here's another contest that will prove as popular. It is not about children, it is *by* children, as well as grown-ups—

Tongue Twisters

Do You Remember, When You Were at School, You Used to "Stump" Each Other to Say:

"Around the Rugged Rock a Ragged Ruffian Ran."

or

"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers."

or

"How Much Wood Could a Wood Chuck Chuck If a Wood Chuck Could Chuck Wood?"

Liberty Will Pay $5 Each for Tongue Twisters Like These

Send your contribution to the Editor of Bright Sayings of Children (if you've recently heard the bright saying of a child), or to Tongue Twister Editor (if you know a good Tongue Twister), in care of Liberty, 25 Park Place, New York City, or Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill. It makes no difference which address you use.

The best of the Bright Sayings and Tongue Twisters will be selected each week and printed, and for those published $5 apiece will be paid.

Just as Much Wood as a Wood Chuck Could If a Wood Chuck Could Chuck Wood

To The Ladies!

(Long May WE Live!)

BEN LYON
And Some Admirers

They're new "sheiks" of
Hollywood;
At vamping they are good.
They dance; they smile;
their sighs
Evoke "come hither" eyes.
They buy "what men
should wear";
Their grooming is a care!
For fame each one here seeks.
They're Hollywood's new
"sheiks."

(Bedtime story: "And just then the great Rudolph Valentino came galloping up on his Arabian steed——")

—*Frances Peck.*

ROBERT FRAZER

RALPH BUSHMAN

In the Sport Light of Fashions

By Corinne Lowe

Be it in color or be it in white, the simple little boyish frock at the left, with its contrasting belt and tie, represents a vital necessity for the resort morning. Next, the popular men's shirting silk walks logically with the man's shirt bosom front. Second from the right, another chemisette bodice is encountered in connection with madonna blue flannel piped with white. Last, a suit of white alpaca witnesses the supremacy of the all white costume.

IF any one wishes to take the measure of clothes progress, pick up a fashion magazine of the seventies and early eighties. Turn to the sports clothes of the belles of those years and learn how Miss Minnie and Miss Rose played croquet and shot at targets at their eternal archery meets. Behold the wielder of the croquet mallet in her full, trailing skirt, her Garibaldi boots, and her little plumed hat, and then with compassion view the skimpy jersey, the broad brimmed hat, and cumbersome skirt of the woman archer.

Fifty years have brought at least fifty improvements in sports clothes. The outstanding advantage is that today we have routed the old time frill and furbelow with our ideals of straight line simplicity. Ranking next in importance to this change is the fact that now we need no sport to complete our sports costumes. We wear them without provocation.

This season the designers are broad minded. They seem to have found good in everything. Yet, even admitting this, one must concede at once the overwhelming popularity of flannel.

Second from right is shown the season's obligatory flannel frock in madonna blue piped with white flannel. This model with its chemisette or shirt bosom front, so tenacious in all sports modes, is typical of our present flannel mood. Yellow, white, or green are here for individual preference, and don't overlook the smart possibility of a checked flannel made on identical lines. One combining black and henna is especially good. The flannel frock, by the way, appears usually with short sleeves.

"Who's who" in sports jackets includes the knitted coat of finger tip or three-quarter length set off with either vivid embroideries, summer fur, or appliqués of kid; the suede variety, sometimes hand painted; Premet's coat of interlaced ribbons worn so much on the Riviera last winter; long jackets of the same Iceland wool which achieves a favorite slip-on sweater, and, last of all, the brand new tapestry models launched by Paris. These, of course, represent only a few successful candidates for favor.

As to sweaters, they are in endless variety. Among them is the double-barreled mode, which supplies both sweater and sleeveless jacket to top it. Slip-ons are still pursuing an active career, and many of them continue to exploit the monogram. Indeed, all sports clothes are likely to go about labeled as frankly as a steamer trunk, and one finds the monogram perhaps on the bodice itself or perhaps on four-in-hand or cloche.

One really can't do better on a summer morning than wear a white suit or a white frock. At the extreme right is indicated this ideal course of conduct in a white alpaca suit exceedingly smart in its finish. But, however vital the suit of white alpaca or flannel be in the summer resort scheme, it cannot supplant the type of frock shown at the extreme left. Here in this simple boyish little crêpe we find the most essential element of resort wear.

In this case the model is presented in red crêpe, sobered by black belt and four-in-hand. There is abundant sanction for such color choice, for red sports frocks and suits were emphasized this year on the Riviera. Yet the possession of your crêpe in this vivid tint should not exclude a model in white built on similar or identical lines. If this frock were transposed to snowy crêpe one may have tie and belt in either black or color.

The second model illustrated is another of those indispensables of the summer morning. This is in the popular men's shirting silk and it reflects again the vogue of the chemisette front.

More Clothes for Vacation Time

PRETTY and wearable clothes (and by wearable I mean clothes that fit into every occasion) have much to do toward making the vacation a pleasant one. No doubt you have often arrived at a resort only to find all your clothes were wrong. Don't let that happen this year! Plan ahead.

A printed voile or some other soft cotton material frock is always needed for afternoons. A design that's pretty and that will be found becoming to the average figure is illustrated in No. 1804. Another feature you'll like about this design is its extreme simplicity. Now direct your attention to the diagram of this style, which shows the dress laid flat—the garment cuts entirely in one piece—not a single extra piece to bother about.

The pattern for No. 1804 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. You need only 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material to make this dress in the medium size.

Another frock which can be worn at any time of day is needed. The straight line frock shown in illustration No. 1929 is suggested to fill this gap. It can have long or elbow length sleeves. One of the new French flannels would be lovely for this.

If you desire a silk frock, some of the tub silks and fancy crêpes de Chine might be used for design No. 1929, patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36 inch material, with ⅜ yard 30 inch contrasting.

Then there are mornings when a plain little gingham or chambray dress with contrasting bindings is just the thing. No. 1870 is a pleasing design for such a dress. It cuts in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material, with 2¼ yards of binding.

The pattern for slip No. 1514 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of material 36 inches wide.

The combination of blouse No. 2079 and skirt No. 1623 makes a smart sports garment to wear walking or at the country club. Blouse pattern No. 2079 is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the medium size, with the long sleeves, 2 yards of 40 inch material is needed.

The skirt pattern No. 1623 cuts in sizes 16 years, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires 2⅛ yards of 36 inch material.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

"Then he pulled the trigger." P. & A. Photo

UNUSUAL OCCUPATIONS—No. 1

He Has Stopped 4,000 Bullets and Yet He Lives!

ALL GUNS LOOK ALIKE TO O'LEARY

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

A GRIM faced man held the muzzle of a revolver close to the chest of a little, sandy haired man facing him. The smaller man faced the gun unflinchingly. Not by the quiver of a muscle did he betray the slightest sign of fear.

A roar, a burst of flame, and the little man, inhaling the powder smoke, remarked:

"Joe, I think I can go down to the factory this morning, if you don't want me to demonstrate any more."

"All right, Marty, but be back by noon, as I want to shoot you with a forty-five and a police gun," said the other man.

The little man quickly removed a vest, laid it on the table, and, as he did so, plucked a flattened, mushroomed remnant of a jacketed bullet from the folds of the cloth, and showed a slight dent in the plate underneath.

It was not a murder scene, nor a closeup for the movies, but Joe O'Leary, a former sergeant of the New York police force, and his brother, Martin O'Leary, demonstrating a new bullet proof vest.

Martin, who weighs about 115 pounds, is the star demonstrator of the vest, and earns his living by letting people shoot at him. He has stopped more than 4,000 bullets fired from small arms, and never has been injured in the slightest.

"It's a tough job," he remarked, "but not as bad as it might be. The tough part about it is putting on and taking off the vest so often.

"Scared? Not much! You see, I never had time to get scared. But I'll admit that the first time I tried it I had the same sort of a funny feeling a fellow has when he is stuck up with a gun for the first time.

"The first time, of course, was the worst. I knew my brother Joe and former Capt. Patrick Randles of the police department had quit police work and were interested in a bullet proof vest. One morning Joe sent for me and before I knew it he had put one of the vests on me and remarked that he would shoot at me.

"I had a lot of confidence in Joe but in about two seconds I did a lot of thinking. I wondered whether his faith in the vest was justified. I rather hoped it was.

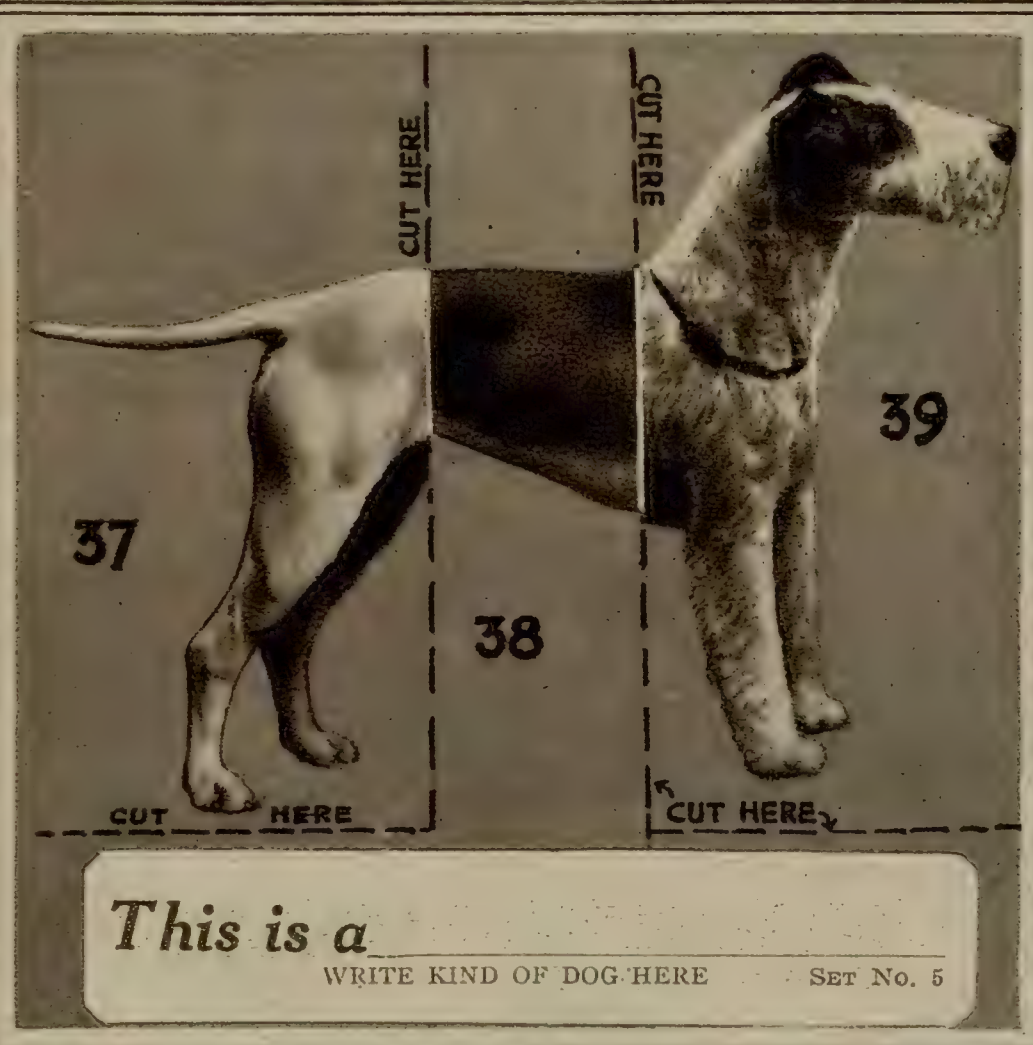
"Then he pulled the trigger. I felt as though some one had tapped me gently on the chest. I blinked a couple of times, felt under the vest, and discovered that I wasn't killed, but that the bullet had stopped without even bruising or shocking me.

"That sold me on the vest. Since then I never have given it a thought."

The vest consists of thin strips of toughened metals, laid in strong cloth, so as to overlap like a lattice shutter, covering the entire torso, front and back. The inventor is Leo Krause.

THE END

Composite Dogs!
Can You Put Them Together Right?



This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET No. 5

THE HIND LEGS of this composite dog are those of a terrier whose name is that of the symbolic figure which represents a great island nation. The midsection is that of a German dog. The head and forelegs are of a terrier the first word of whose name is part of a telephone.

This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET No. 5

THE HIND LEGS of this composite are of a long short dog. The midsection is of a terrier whose first name describes his hair. The head and shoulders are those of a terrier whose first name is the same as that of another dog.

This is a _____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET No. 5

THE HIND LEGS are of a dog one of the words in whose name has three letters. The midsection is of one whose coat is smooth. The head and forelegs are of a dog whose name begins with the fourth letter of the alphabet.

The Publishers of LIBERTY Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, Liberty will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE, PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody —ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of this Weekly and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed—3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of Dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week.

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The Prince Could Be Professional Dancer

The Prince of Jazz

The Prince of Jazz—Paul Whiteman.
Apeda Photo.

The Band that played for the

By Paul Whiteman

FOREWORD.

"The American Favorite of the Prince of Wales."

That is what Paul Whiteman, "Prince of Jazz," was called in London.

For not only did this Broadway bandsman make the biggest hit of any American artist who has appeared on the London stage in years but the greatest social success that could be won by any one was his.

Incredible as it may seem, Mr. Whiteman, interpreter of symphonic syncopation, became the friend and nocturnal companion of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, heir to the greatest throne in the world.

For six months the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Jazz were in each other's company two or three nights a week.

Of course, it was Paul Whiteman's marvelous music that first attracted the attention of His Royal Highness, but the American bandsman's attractive personality and camaraderie won for him a unique and lasting friendship.

This is the first and only article Mr. Whiteman has written about his association with his royal patron.

IF Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Wettin were not the Prince of Wales he would be the Prince Charming of the world. For he possesses the elusive qualities that are so necessary to play that rôle—charm and personality.

It has been my good fortune to meet many men of great distinction and striking personality, but I have never known any man — or woman—who possessed these undefinable qualities to such a degree as the heir to the British throne.

It is not only the freshness of youth—his pink and white boyish charm—that makes him the most popular man in the world today. His popularity is due to the fact that he is a prince among men and a man among princes.

I had an opportunity to observe His Royal Highness under a variety of conditions for a period of nearly six months. My association with him was unique. And I was not only won by his charm of manner but tremendously impressed by his qualities of appreciation and good fellowship. His camaraderie was unfailing under all conditions. And his sense of humor little short of amazing.

I was presented to His Royal Highness by his cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten, whom I had met in America, shortly after my arrival in London. My first impression of "the Prince," as he is called everywhere, was that I had met a real, vital person, and first impressions, as I have found, are almost invariably correct. His firm handshake, the merry twinkle in his blue eyes, and the informal way he slapped me on the back after I told him a funny story convinced me that he was a "regular fellow," as we say in America.

THIS first meeting with His Royal Highness took place at a party given by Lord and Lady Mountbatten at their home in London. Naturally I was very much elated when I was informed that I was to play for the Prince, for, having just arrived in London, I was genuinely curious to see him.

Of course, I recognized him the moment he stepped into the ballroom. Despite his short stature, he was easily the handsomest man in the room—and at gatherings of the younger aristocracy in London you encounter the handsomest men in the world. For the British aristocrat, when he is handsome, is the finest essence of the blossoms of many hundred years.

I was often struck with the same thought as I saw him on subsequent evenings at the Grafton Galleries—where he came two or three times a week with his friends to dance. No

Either a Movie Actor or a —Paul Whiteman Says

Talks About His Friend

The Prince of Wales

Prince. Paul Whiteman standing at right center, with violin.

The Prince of Wales.
Keystone Photo.

matter how crowded the room was with the finest types of British manhood, the Prince stood out as the most attractive figure. His personality was always "felt."

My first experience with the Prince was not an altogether happy one. A few days after Lord Mountbatten's party he sent word that he would like to have me bring my band to play at a party which was being given in his honor at a country place just outside of London. Of course I consented, only to discover that I could not appear, as the labor authorities had ruled that my musicians had come to England in violation of certain alien labor laws. I was told my band could not play until the matter was straightened out.

"But I've been summoned to play for the Prince of Wales," I protested.

"You're in England and you'll obey the law," I was reminded.

And I didn't play for the Prince of Wales on that particular occasion.

Here in America such a technicality would have been winked at—for an appearance at the White House, for instance. But not in England. Despite the fact that it was known I had been asked to play for His Royal Highness, the ruling against appearing with my band was not modified—which speaks volumes for the democracy of our British cousins.

By engaging as many British musicians as I had in my own band I was able to comply with the alien labor regulations, and when the Prince sent for me the second time I was able to play for him.

AS His Royal Highness lives at St. James's Palace, he is obliged to do much of his entertaining elsewhere. For he keeps "bachelor hall," and, except for the most formal gatherings, he rarely entertains there. His dancing parties are nearly all given in the homes of various friends.

It was his usual custom to send his equerry to my dressing room at the London Hippodrome, where I was appearing with my band, with the request that I come to such and such an address when I finished my evening at the Grafton Galleries. As my band played at the Grafton Galleries—a supper club—from midnight until 2 A. M., it will be seen that these parties began rather late—and I must admit that sometimes they ended early.

The Prince is not only fond of dancing but he is an exceptionally good dancer. If England ever becomes a republic and His Royal Highness needs a job, I will give him one as a professional ballroom dancer, although I am aware that he could command a much higher figure in the movies. He is particularly fond of waltzing, and, when he has a good partner, he will waltz until every one else has left the floor.

These parties at which I played for the Prince were very exclusive affairs. Rarely were there more than a score of guests, including his brothers, Prince Henry and the Duke of York. And they were always decorous as to the behavior of their guests. No matter what quantity of champagne was consumed, the dancers never became noisy. In fact, I noticed that the more they drank the more dignified they became. In short, I found these after-midnight gatherings of the Prince's friends in striking contrast to some of the late parties given by members of our Fifth Avenue aristocracy.

THE Prince was not only the host but the life of the party on these occasions. And, unlike so many hosts, he not only saw that every one had a good time but he invariably had a good time himself. His solicitude for the members of my band was as unfailing as it was charming. I don't suppose my drummer will ever get over the fact that on one occasion the Prince personally served him several glasses of champagne. All these attentions were done in the most natural way, and I know

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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*Name*_____ City_____ *State*_____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

I never felt that I was being patronized. Yet, despite the fact the barriers were often down, the Prince never lost his innate dignity.

The efforts of his fond parents to aid him in choosing a wife are decidedly amusing to him. He doesn't want to marry—he's having too good a time—and he says so quite frankly.

But in spite of the fact that he likes to play, it must not be gathered that the Prince is merely an amiable young man who has inherited his grandfather's love of the footlights and the good things in life.

In his working hours the Prince is one of the greatest salesmen in the world. It is his job to "sell" England, with all its royal traditions, to the empire. And that is why he is visiting the Dominion of Canada one season and preparing to visit South Africa the next. His success in this rôle is so obvious that I need not comment on it.

Of course, I have only seen Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Wettin at play. But I believe you can size up a man by the way he plays—and the Prince sizes up one hundred per cent "regular fellow."

THE END

A Letter of Thanks from Mr. Elwell

First Prize Winner in $25,000 Name Contest Tells What He'll Do with Fortune

TO the Editor of LIBERTY:

First of all let me thank you, on behalf of my family and myself, for awarding me the prize of $20,000 for christening your publication with the name Liberty. The telegram already sent you could not, nor can I now, convey our appreciation, and letters coming in from all over the country express such great good will at our winning the prize that I am at a loss to express myself.

That we are supremely happy in winning the first prize of $20,000 is unnecessary for me to say, and my only regret is that so many have been disappointed. To these we extend our sympathy and best wishes for future good fortune.

While the majority of the letters we receive express the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, some of them tell of hard luck of one kind and another. These bring sharply to our memory the hard years we ourselves have gone through.

As the requests received, however, run into the thousands of dollars, it is impossible for us to help all. Were we to help one and ignore the rest, worthy as they may be, it would be unfair. I hope those who write me for financial help will see this matter in the light of our difficult position, and not feel that we are hard, heartless, or mercenary.

This contest occupied practically all of my spare time and thought far into the night from its beginning, so I can appreciate how those who also tried hard must feel, particularly if the winning of the money meant as much to them as it did to us.

This $20,000 does not mean that I can do all the things I would wish to do. Unless handled in the right manner it would soon be gone. Until I have made some provision for my little family's future I can-

GEORGE A. ELWELL

not be of much help to anyone else.

The winning of this prize means that I shall have a better opportunity to do many things for my wife, who has stood by me in my latest endeavor to get out of the rut, and for my children. It means an opportunity to make good to my family and as a citizen; an opportunity for settling up and settling down. And my children must get the best education I can provide for them.

From some of my correspondence I can see that I am regarded by a few as an artist dreamer, or a long-haired inventor. This is not the case, as I have been through too hard a school to have any dreams, and I know the game well enough not to sink any money in visionary schemes.

I thank The Chicago Tribune and New York News, the judges of the contest, and the Coloroto Corporation from the very bottom of my heart for this prize of $20,000 on behalf of myself and my family.

GEORGE A. ELWELL.

Youngstown, O., May 8, 1924.

Making Olympic *Mermaids*

Secrets of How Uncle Sam's Swimming Stars Got Their Initial Duckings

Do You Know That—

Gertrude Ederle, potential world's champion woman swimmer, started her career with a ducking at rope's end

Aileen Riggin was an expert swimmer at 7, was unbeatable at 11, and an Olympic diving champion at 14

?

By Grantland Rice

IF a casual wayfarer ten years ago had strolled along the banks of the Shrewsbury River near Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, he would have come upon an amazing sight. He might even have turned and raced in the general direction of the nearest police station in the belief that murder was being committed.

The wayfarer would have come upon an earnest citizen dropping two girls, seven and nine, respectively, into the waters of the Shrewsbury with ropes around their waists. An alert father was attempting to teach his two young daughters to swim.

The younger daughter, aged seven, had no particular love for swimming, but under the circumstances there was nothing else for her to do except to learn in the course of time.

These two youngsters were Margaret and Gertrude Ederle. Gertrude was the younger of the girls. There was no thought then of any coming glory, of any laurel wreath, of Olympic teams or world's records; it merely seemed advisable to the head of the family that his daughters should learn to swim.

About nine years after seven-year-old Gertrude started her swimming lessons in the Shrewsbury a famous long distance race called together the greatest girl swimmers of the country. This race was a three and a half mile swim from Manhattan Beach to Brighton. It was known as the Joseph P. Day race, in which only the elect were supposed to have any chance.

No expert believed Gertrude Ederle, then sixteen, had any show. She had proved herself to be a good swimmer, but not a champion. She had never attempted racing beyond two hundred and twenty yards, and this Day race was to be a killing test beyond three miles.

IN addition she had the brilliant Helen Wainwright, Aileen Riggin, and other noted girl swimmers to battle against. It was conceded that Miss Ederle might finish sixth or seventh, and it was also conceded that over such an extended distance she might not finish at all.

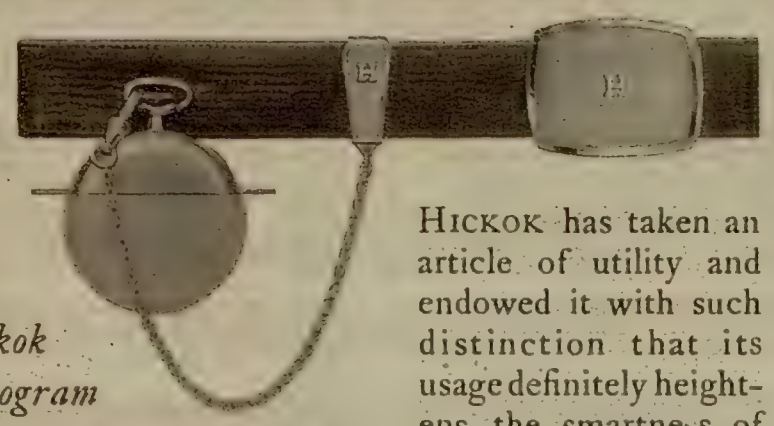
The day of the race was cold and gray, with rough water and a strong wind. Shortly after the start one young form was seen to be well out ahead of the fifty-one other starters.

"Young Gertrude Ederle is sprinting now," some one said. "She thinks she is in another two hundred and twenty. She'll never even finish."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Helen Meany in a perfect swan dive. P. & A. Photo.

HICKOK



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-MŌ-LAY-

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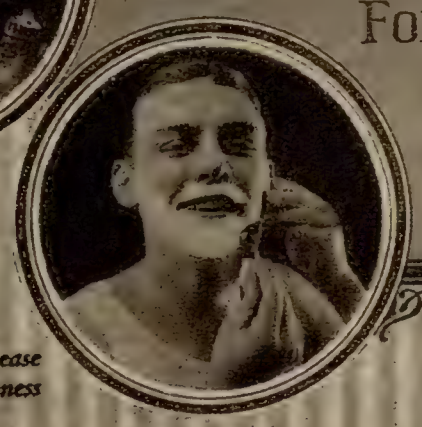

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

From a forty yard lead the same Miss Ederle, novice at the longer distance, extended the gap to sixty yards and then to seventy-five.

"Why, she won't make a mile," predicted one of the experts. "She can't hold that clip for four hundred yards, much less six thousand."

BUT when the finish line was reached young Gertrude Ederle was a full sixty yards in front of the brilliant Helen Wainwright, in second place, finishing in one hour and one minute.

"All I remember about that race," says Miss Ederle, "is that after the first few hundred yards everything seemed gray. But I wasn't tired. I had only been in the sprints before, and I suppose I started out at too swift a pace; but I felt all right at the finish."

This was the first big victory which launched the career of one of the most remarkable girl swimmers, one who is sure to be a big factor for the United States in the next Olympic games at Paris.

From that cold gray August day a champion started on her way to break almost every record in sight.

Some persons thought that perhaps this race was a fluke, so soon afterwards the young winner was again matched against the elect of the country at four hundred and forty yards. Here again Miss Ederle left Miss Wainright and others far behind, breaking records as she raced through the pool like a fast flying fish.

In one five hundred yard race last year Miss Ederle, now living in New York City, broke seven world's records, one of the most remarkable achievements of a great record year.

Having broken all records in her own country, Gertrude, in October of last year, at the age of seventeen, left for Honolulu, the home of fast swimmers.

There she not only won every race against the greatest girl swimmers of the South Seas, but in addition broke three Hawaiian records to prove the exceptional quality of her stroke, her power, and her skill.

Gertrude Ederle is just normal height, with fine shoulders, a certain lithe physical power, long, powerful arms, and strong legs which help to drive her body through the water. She is built for both speed and endurance in the water, and, in spite of her many phenomenal record-breaking efforts, experts predict she will attain greater triumphs.

AT about the same time Miss Ederle was starting her career in the Shrewsbury, a motor boat each day might have been seen starting upon a thirty minute spin along the Philippine coast in the Pacific. This motor boat also carried a seven-year-old swimmer who was destined to win fame and honor in the water. This young mermaid of the Philippines was none other than Aileen Riggin, an Olympic diving champion at the age of fourteen.

Aileen Riggin, who was born in Newport, the daughter of a United States naval officer, was keen about the water from the start. There was nothing she couldn't do in the water. In addition to being a wonderful diver, she was also one of the best of the swimmers, whether it was in the sprints or over long routes.

But she was best at fancy diving, "the swan," "the jackknife," and the various somersaults which only the few can execute in the right way. At the age of fourteen Miss Riggin had become so proficient that she was selected by the United States Olympic team for the games of 1920 at Antwerp. And here, a mite of a youngster with bobbed blonde hair, she won the Olympic fancy diving championship for women and led all her countrywomen in high diving.

Considering her years and size, hers was one of the most remarkable achievements of the decade.

An Olympic champion at fourteen! Here is a goal that no male has reached. And there is just ahead the great chance that by the age of eighteen Miss Riggin will be a two time winner in two Olympics.

GIRL swimmers and divers will be one of the strongest features of the United States Olympic team at the great Paris gathering. And from this team will come the strongest sort of representation from the Women's Swimming Association of New York, where Miss Charlotte Epstein and others have done a remarkable work.

In just six years the membership has grown from forty to nine hundred and fifty, and among its entries are Gertrude Ederle, Aileen Riggin, Helen Meany, Adelaide Lambert, Doris O'Mara, and others who may be leading factors in the Paris games.

Helen Meany is the national indoor diving champion and the high diving titleholder, who, with Aileen Riggin, Helen Wainwright, and others, will take good care of this event against powerful competition from abroad.

Sybil Bauer, queen of the back stroke stars, will be one of the hardest in the field to beat. These names include only a small number of those who have come to swimming fame in the United States, but they are among the record holders and will be strong candidates for Olympic fame.

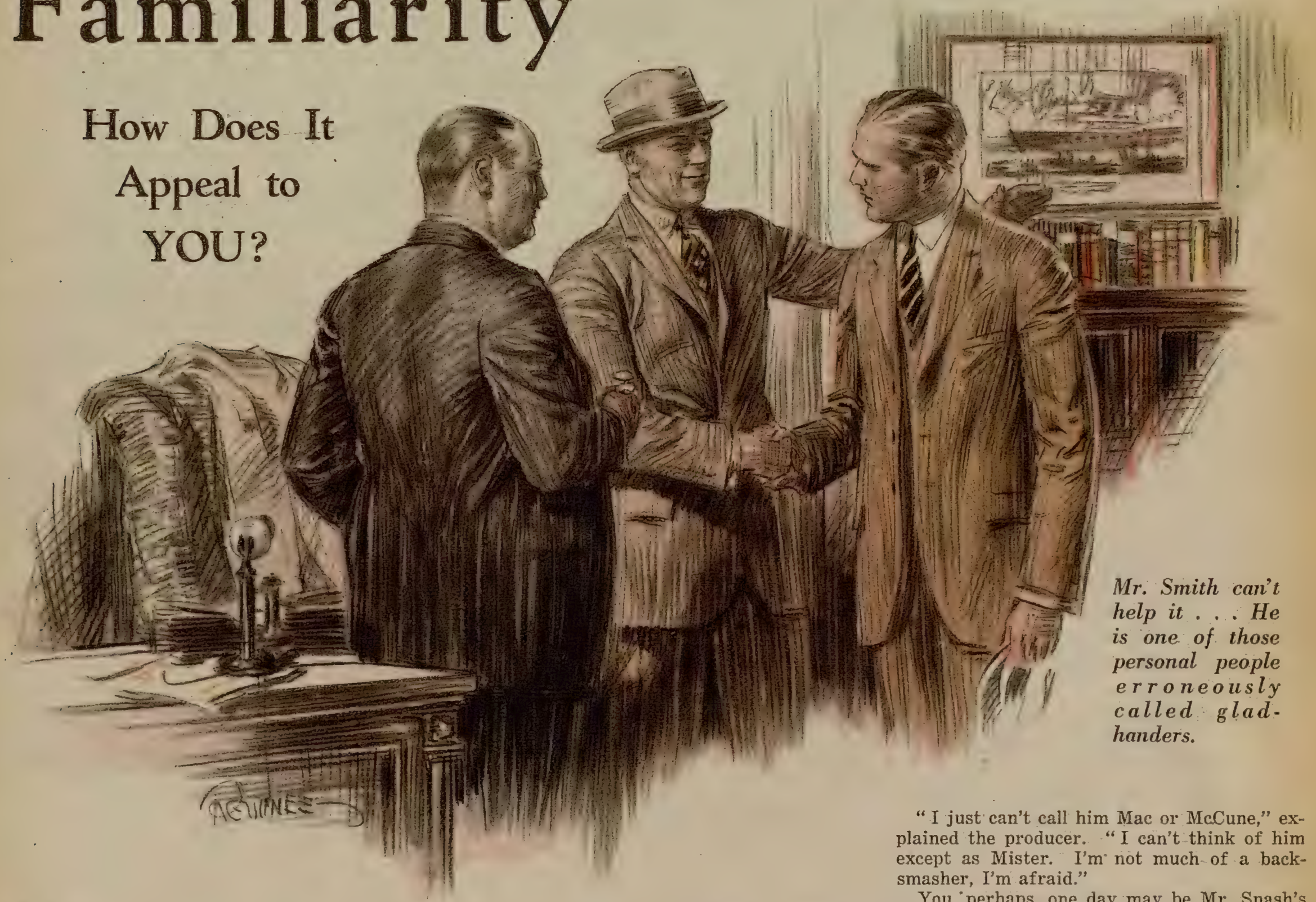
It is one of the most remarkable turns of competitive sport that so many girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen should be figured as possible laurel winners in the great Olympic contests.

THE END

The Back-slapper and the Glad-hander Are Always With Us, Calling Us by Our First Names

Familiarity

How Does It Appeal to YOU?



Mr. Smith can't help it . . . He is one of those personal people erroneously called glad-handers.

YOU are introduced to Mr. Snash. With becoming dignity or deference or modesty or whatever you choose to call it, you inform Mr. Snash that you take kindly to the meeting and are not offended; in fact, you say, or let it be understood, that you are agreeably affected.

"Mr. Snash, Mr. Warple," says Amos Hogan, who does the introducing.

"Glad to know you, Warple," bellows Mr. Snash, and you, having lowered your eyes, shaken the hand of Mr. Snash, and murmured his name sotto voce, wince because the free hand of Mr. Snash has descended like a bludgeon upon your clavicle.

Five minutes later, Mr. Snash having heard Amos Hogan call you "Gus," you become Gus to Mr. Snash, and when he leaves you after this, your first encounter with him, he hauls off and wallops you on the other shoulder.

"Well, s'long, Gus," cries Mr. Snash. "Don't let anybody tell you different."

Now, if you are of a seemingly majority temperament you have taken a full blooded dislike to Mr. Snash. Perhaps it extends to bitter hatred. Frankly, Mr. Snash has been too friendly. He has not only played fast and loose with your anatomy but he has all but abolished your dignity. He has left you spiritually naked. All that you were to him was Gus Warple, and despite the fact that you really are nothing but Gus Warple you are highly resentful.

He may be a forty dollar clerk and you may be a bright young five thousand dollar man. He may know your relative standings in the business world, but that makes no difference to you. You, to him, are Gus, or Warple, or maybe Gus Warple, to be beaten on the back and prodded playfully in the brisket. He, to you, remains Mr. Snash.

Mr. Snash can't help it; he was built that way. He is one of those personal people erroneously called glad-handers. You can't help it, either.

You are rather like a certain famous American play producer who started life with a contractor's firm. His boss' name was McCune, a big, wise man, almost austere.

Today the producer is rich. He is courted by the greatest authors, bankers, clergymen, statesmen. His offices are magnificent and his hired help numerous. But McCune is down and almost out, bereft of everything except a shade of that old austerity. Every so often he goes to the offices of the play producer for what he calls a loan.

"Eddie," he says, "I'm sorry, but could you—a——"

"Please don't mention it, Mr. McCune," says Eddie, the successful man of the theater, "I'm glad to be able to help you."

"I just can't call him Mac or McCune," explained the producer. "I can't think of him except as Mister. I'm not much of a back-smasher, I'm afraid."

You, perhaps, one day may be Mr. Snash's boss. If you are true to your impulses you will go on calling him Mister. But he is going to call you Gus and you might as well reconcile yourself to it, because nothing you can do about it is going to change him.

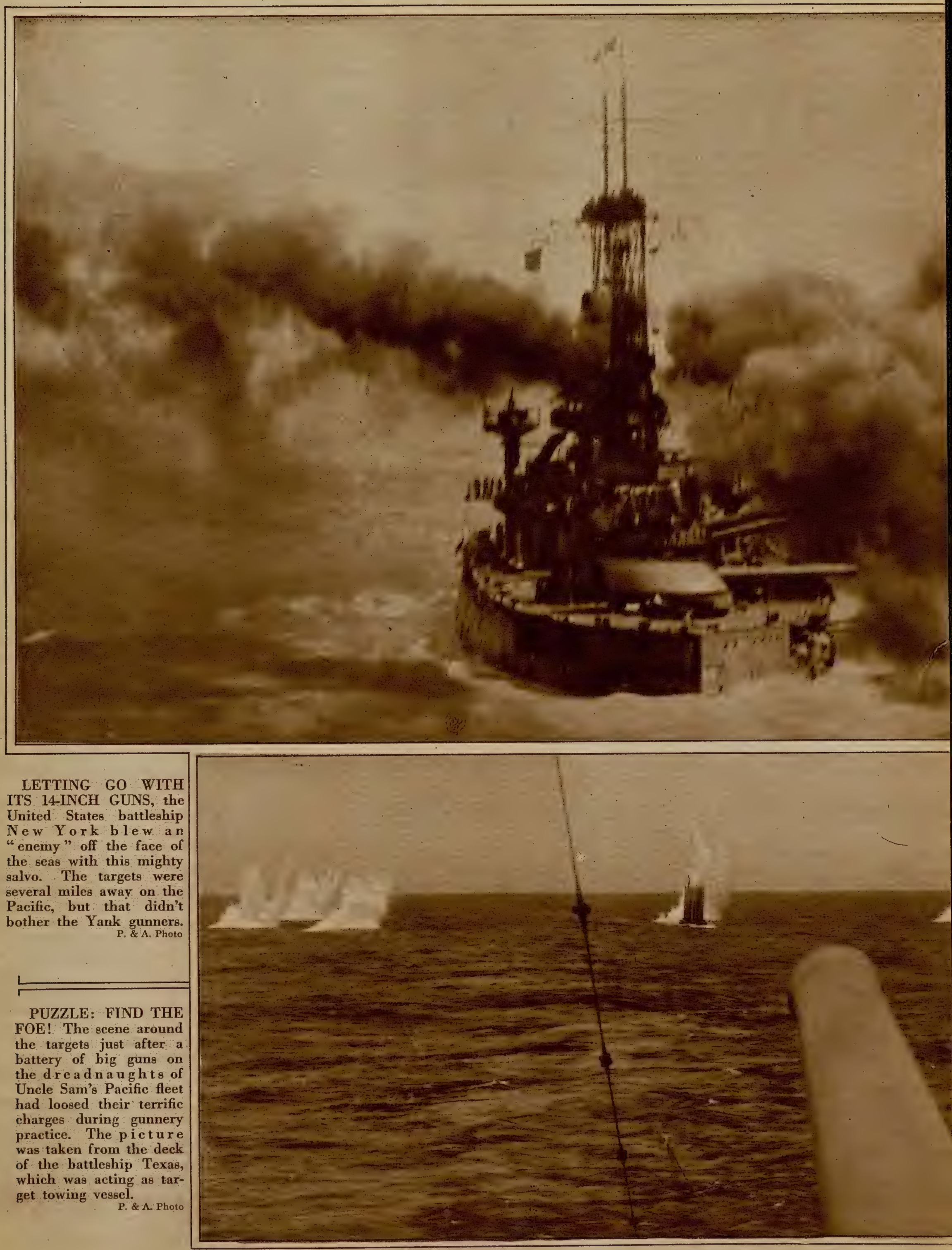
There are people who just can't be dealt with familiarly. They're born Misters. They are the sort who make you wonder whether, when they were infants, their parents didn't turn their name with a handle. Can't you just hear their mothers saying:

"No, Master Gilbert, you may not have a safety razor blade. It will do you no good, and, besides, father is very fond of that blade. Yes, you may have four peach Melbas on Thursday when you are four years old. Would you mind coming in and going to bed?"

Of course this is not a matter for congressional investigation, nor has it the importance of the tariff schedules, yet it is interesting when you consider that the president of one of the largest banking institutions in America takes lunch with one of his tellers about twice every week, and whereas the teller calls him George he calls the teller Mr. Smith.

Twenty-five years ago George started to work in the bank of which he is now president. Mr. Smith was an assistant teller then and he was George's first boss. George never quite got over it, but they are firm friends. W. A. D.

THE END



LETTING GO WITH ITS 14-INCH GUNS, the United States battleship New York blew an "enemy" off the face of the seas with this mighty salvo. The targets were several miles away on the Pacific, but that didn't bother the Yank gunners.

P. & A. Photo

PUZZLE: FIND THE FOE! The scene around the targets just after a battery of big guns on the dreadnaughts of Uncle Sam's Pacific fleet had loosed their terrific charges during gunnery practice. The picture was taken from the deck of the battleship Texas, which was acting as target towing vessel.

P. & A. Photo

U. S. GUNS SINK 'FOE'S' FLEET IN PACIFIC

Battleships Cut Loose at Spectacular Target Practice off Coast and Make Record in Accuracy

SALUTING THE NEW CHIEF. Officers and jack tars aboard the battleship Colorado pay their respects to Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, just arriving. Secretary Wilbur's mission was to inspect the Colorado, pride of the navy's dreadnaughts, at Brooklyn Navy Yard. P. & A. Photo.

AN UNUSUAL ARTICLE ON DIVORCE BY A JUSTICE OF

A Love Letter Is a Contract

And, Oddly, More of Them Should Be Written, for Break Up Most Homes, but Such Things Radio Sets and Dogs

By the Hon. John J. Freschi

IT was the comedian in a musical revue who convulsed his sophisticated audience by saying that *the chief cause of divorce is marriage!*

There was something more than the delicious nonsense of it that tickled the men and women. It was a joke with a haunting background, containing a germ of truth which made one think.

Not long ago the United States Bureau of Census shocked this Christian land of ours by announcing that during the year 1922 for approximately every seven and a half marriages there had been one divorce.

And these startling figures did not take into account the legal separations or the pending divorce actions which had not reached trial, nor the warring couples who stuck together for religious or other reasons but whose marriages were nevertheless shipwrecked.

Of course, as in most statistical flurries, the actual condition isn't nearly so alarming as it first appears. It is simply something else to charge against the World War. The war brought about a deluge of headlong marriages between silly boys and girls who scarcely knew each other.

The story is told of a returning soldier who was met at the disembarkation pier by his family and friends. After he had embraced his mother and sisters his brother pulled him toward a pretty young woman and said:

"Now you can say something to the wife!"

The doughboy scrutinized the flapper; then a wide grin grew on his face. He seized his brother's hand. "Congratulations!" he shouted.

The brother looked startled.

"Nix! Nix!" he said. "Not mine—*yours!*"

It seems that during his absence the girl had bobbed her hair and changed its hue and was arrayed in the latest abbreviated mode; but the real explanation of the contretemps was that they had been acquainted less than a week before they were married, and he sailed away.

One didn't hear of the divorce problem in the old days when many marriages were between boys and girls who had grown up together and knew all about each other and knew what to expect of each other.

HOW different in this complicated, hurry up age when young folks marry who didn't know of the existence of each other until they happened to meet and "fall in love." Young business men and women who would scoff at the idea of joining in a commercial partnership without careful investigation and the guidance of a lawyer—these same young people will plunge blindly into marriage, the most complicated business of life, with persons they scarcely know.

Is it that they hold money to be more important than love? Ah, no—in fact, the opposite might be argued! They seem to be actually afraid they *might* find things out about each other which would flaw their Romance. Because, even when the marriage is delayed, how seldom do they investigate each other at sources where vital facts might be learned?

And what is the solution, since we can't turn the clock back to those earlier, simpler days?

It lies in a clear understanding before marriage—a definite agreement of what each is to give, and do, and not do!

"Yes," many will object, "but that sort of thing sounds so mercenary. It will throw cold water on Romance—discourage marriage."

There is the strongest possible argument for the prenuptial understanding.

It *will* discourage marriages—of the sort which should be discouraged. The love that cannot survive a practical understanding when Romance is in full flush certainly won't survive the inevitable disillusionments which come after marriage.

There needn't be a mercenary suggestion, and won't—unless one of the pair is mercenary. And that had better be found out before than after. There are other considerations equally as important as matters of money, though

NEW YORK'S COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS

—Judge Freschi Declares

It's Not Vampires Who as Bridge and

Illustrated by ROBERT G. JONES

When alienation is well advanced, the he or she vampire may do his or her "sympathizing worst."

many husbands and wives may dispute this.

BUT, even so, which is better—a common sense planning of how the family income is to be disbursed, done at a time when both are inclined to be generous, or the sordid bickering about money matters which embitters the lives of so many married pairs?

It needn't be at all difficult for a tactful boy or girl to get a clear cut statement of what the sweetheart intends. As a matter of fact, they pass much time discussing their future life together, though usually they talk in generalities instead of getting down to facts.

She's afraid, apparently—and so is he! It might seem disloyal, they imagine, to question the eternal devotion of the other. And all the while probably both of them would welcome a definite understanding.

He receives a hundred dollars weekly, let us say—not because that much is essential to marital happiness but for purposes of easy division.

Very well—some evening when they are both in a serious mood, how easy to take a paper and pencil and figure it all out equitably.

And so they decide that fifty per cent is to go for living expenses, including rent, food, etc.; ten per cent to be spent for recreation; ten per cent for *his* personal spending and ten per cent for *hers;* the remaining twenty per cent to savings, charity, etc., etc.

And while they are at it they had better decide how much personal freedom each is to have—what voice in the family management—what each proposes to give, as well as what

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

each proposes to give up. All this in case there is a division of opinion on some of the problems that will arise.

Nowadays the slinky vampire à la movies doesn't disrupt many homes. The real vampire is the hobby of the individual—his or her tastes, habits, inclinations which conflict with the ideas of the other half of the marital partnership. Afterward, of course, when alienation is well advanced, the he or she vampire may do his or her "sympathizing worst" and precipitate the smash.

But the beginning of trouble may be any one of a hundred different things. She may insist on bringing her father or mother to live with them. Perhaps he is a fishing or hunting fiend, or she is an inveterate bridge player, and each, according to the other, neglecting the home. She may fill the house with dogs which he despises; or he may get the radio craze and keep her awake half the night.

Sometimes it is on religious matters that they differ and sometimes it is on actually praiseworthy things, as when the wife, who was a business girl, insists on going back to business to buy additional clothes.

While a verbal understanding is better than none, something in writing is much better. It is human nature to forget old promises when remembrance will conflict with self-interest or inclination. That's why contracts in business are written, as are treaties between nations — why even our sacred Constitution was put in black and white to keep the Supreme Court busy ever since seeing that the promises it made are kept.

I recall a case before me years ago in the Court of Domestic Relations. The wife was high tempered; and the husband was stubborn. Fortunately, they had not reached the point where bickering had killed their love.

According to the wife, he drank, neglected her, did all sorts of things of which she disapproved. According to him, she was unreasonable, continually henpecked him, was aiming to make a molly-coddle out of him.

"He promised to give up these things before I married him," she declared, bitterly.

"She's nutty, your Honor," he protested, doggedly. "I wasn't such a blamed fool!"

As usual, we postponed decision and conferred with each separately in an effort to find some way to a reconciliation.

A week later the wife brought in a packet of his love letters.

HERE was the "goods." In dozens of endearing paragraphs he had promised that if she would but continue to love him he would do for her everything that might reasonably be expect of a superman or a movie he not forgetting also that he agre to stop doing anything she did want him to do.

When we confronted him wi this evidence he was at first cres fallen, embarrassed, cowed; b after his stubbornness had be penetrated a sense of humor ca to his aid.

"Say," he muttered, "ain't man a fool to write such slush!

Nevertheless, that "slush" w the thing that saved their ma riage. Because it showed him s wasn't trying to take an unfa advantage and "put somethi over on him." Then he was wi ing to meet her more than ha way.

Occasionally there are boome ang twists to cases like this.

There was the young wife w complained her husband spent a his money gambling. His rep was that when he didn't spend *she* did, buying extravagant cloth and expensive lunches for gi friends, and the like.

In the love letter she found h had written specifically:

"Dearest, you say you will brea with me unless I stop playin cards. That would break m heart, and if you will forgive m this time, dearest, I promise nev again to give you such cause f worry . . ."

She held all the cards for jus about one week. Then he bobbe up with the very letter she ha written in reply to the one whic had convicted him. In it she d clared with many protestations undying love that all the sacrifice should not be on his part, that s knew she had many failings and there were any of these he wante her to give up he only need as and it would make her happy t yield.

Fortunately they both enjoye a highly developed sense of humo —and in addition they really love each other. A year or so later the brought their first born son to m to see, forming as happy a littl family group as I have ever me

After all, the divorce statistic are less alarming in themselve than the general marital condi tions which they indicate. Fo every pair that goes to the extrem of seeking legal relief there re main in wedlock many other pair actually unhappy, or at least fail ing to realize the great happines possible to them.

"Make divorce more difficult," assert many persons. "That wi solve the problem!"

"Make marriage more difficult," is the reply of those who know th subject better. "Then the divorc evil will solve itself!"

Is it any wonder so many peopl will agree with the comedian wh said:

"The chief cause of divorce i marriage!"

THE END

She Raised Her Son to Be A FIGHTER

The Story of Ma Stribling and the Boy She Seeks to Make A CHAMPION

By Hugh Fullerton

Ma Stribling and her "Bouncing Baby Boy" — "Young" Stribling. P. & A. Photo.

"MONTHS before my first child was born I decided that if it should be a boy I would make a fighter and a champion of him," said "Ma" Stribling. "Jim Jeffries, at that time world's champion, came to Macon, Georgia, where we were living, and I went to see him. He was magnificent, powerful, and I decided my boy should be the same when he grew up, but with less bulky muscles.

"See him today—the boy they call 'Young' Stribling, with the championship of the world waiting for him—and you see how nearly I have come already to my ambition. You will not think it only a mother's pride when I picture him as the coming heavyweight champion of the world when he is older. He is nearly nineteen. He has fought more than a hundred times and never has been knocked down. The papers said he was knocked down in a bout at Miami, but he was not. He has held five minor titles. He weighs just over 165 in condition, and when he reaches full manhood he will weigh between 195 and 200 in condition, and then nothing will stop him.

"I do not know whether any other baby's career ever has been planned for him as our boy's has been, and I know of no other one who has been raised entirely on physical culture lines.

"When I knew I was to become a mother I started preparing for the event. Both my husband and I were athletic. We were acrobats and worked fourteen years in vaudeville. We were strong and healthy, and there was no reason our children should not be perfect if we cared for them properly. I spent much time in the open air, walked, took light exercise, and watched my diet very carefully.

"When the boy was born I rejoiced to find him perfect physically. He was not a heavy baby, but was very strong and bright, and almost from his first minute I began training him. When he was five weeks old we started to make him a champion.

"WHETHER our system has been a success or not you may judge by the fact that, although we have traveled all over the world and have taken the boys, even as babies, into all sorts of places, none of us ever has been sick. We were in smallpox epidemics, in plague ridden cities, have been exposed to yellow fever, to bubonic plague, to leprosy, and all kinds of diseases, and never have been ill. The children escaped even the common ailments of childhood, such as measles, chicken pox, and mumps.

"Why? Simply because I have kept them clean inside and out. I studied diet, exercise, and water.

"The training for boxing started as soon as 'W. L.' could stand alone, which he was able to do at six months. Before that, however, his father and I started developing him, allowing him to hang by his fingers and lift himself.

"While I always intended him to be a fighter, I had more than that in mind. I knew that athletic work and physical training had developed me from a slender and not very strong girl into a strong, healthy woman and made me better looking."

"Ma" Stribling laughed as she said this. But, with a boy nearing nineteen years of age, she looks like a woman of twenty-six and is handsome, with perfect skin and fine hair and eyes.

"When he was just six months old he could stand on one foot and balance himself. He had no fear, and would stand on one foot on his father's outstretched hand and laugh as if he enjoyed it, and, being healthy and unafraid, he did enjoy it.

"We kept up the systematic exercise day by day, teaching him and developing his muscles. I looked after the diet, both for his father and the boy. After reading a great deal about dieting I concluded vegetables and fruits were best, with very little meat. None of us is a strict vegetarian and 'W. L.' takes a little meat at times, but not much.

"YOU see," explained "Ma," "I was not born a professional acrobat and had to learn. My husband came of a family of athletes, and not a man in his family for four generations ever smoked or drank. Tobacco and coffee are two things that are barred from our home.

"Month for month the development of our boys progressed steadily, and when 'W. L.' was about four years old, and Herbert, who is called. 'Babe' Stribling by the sporting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

writers, was eleven months they went on the stage with their father as the 'Graham Trio' and did an acrobatic turn in connection with his. A little later I became proficient enough to join the team and we became the 'Four Grahams.'

"We toured the world in that act, and the importance of the boys increased. We did not think it wise to let them try boxing too young, although they appeared to love it. When 'W. L.' was six and Babe was nearly three we had a set of boxing gloves made for them and their father showed them how to hold their arms and how to block blows.

"The boxing act of the youngsters was a hit, and it often was more in earnest than the audience knew. 'W. L.' never liked to take a 'flop,' even to his little brother, and he preferred boxing in earnest, although he never hit 'Babe' as hard as he could. His only kick was that he wished he had some one his size to box with. He loved boxing and wanted some one who could give him a real fight.

"I have noticed one thing—which is that boxing makes boys more manly. A boy who can fight and who knows he can fight never is a bully and never starts fights and never fights a smaller boy.

"It was not until he was seven years old that 'W. L.' had a real fight. Both his father and I were beginning to fear that he was too good natured and did not take fighting in earnest. When he was seven years old he was very fast and clever with his hands and he boxed as if instinctively, but we were afraid he would not realize that it was in earnest and would think it was play. We decided he should challenge any boy of his weight or age to box. He was a very busy boy for the next five years. Among those he defeated was the champion of the Boys' Brigade in Shanghai while we were playing in China.

"HE was developing rapidly. The training, perfect condition at all times, and the work made him grow very rapidly. He was leading a pure and rather simple life, and I insisted that he get as much education as possible. He liked school and learned quickly, as his mind was as healthy as his body.

"His first ring battle was on January 17, 1921. He wasn't hurt or scared, but he took some hard punches and came back for more without losing his head or forgetting his science, and he showed he could hit with either hand.

"Since that time he has been fighting steadily, and has engaged in more than a hundred battles without being knocked down once or ever being in danger of a knockout. We are very proud of him."

The mother looked fondly at the big, lounging, loose jointed giant of a lad she raised, and he grinned and, reaching across one of his big hands, touched her arm gently.

"Have you seen him fight?" I inquired, with a somewhat old fashioned idea that a mother might fear to see her son hurt, perhaps knocked out.

"OYES," she replied proudly. "I've seen practically all of his fights. I've seen him take some hard wallops and stand a lot of punishment, but he always comes back and wins. After all, condition is the thing that counts, and he never has fought any one to whom he was not superior in condition, whether they outweighed him or had more ring experience. He is the best conditioned fighter that ever stepped into a ring and, everything else being equal, he will beat the other fellow. This has been shown again and again. In the early rounds some of the more experienced boxers have had all the advantage, but after three or four rounds condition told and he got stronger and faster, while they got slower and slower. No one has ever hit him hard enough to knock him out, and condition is more than hitting power.

"I have trained him ever since he started boxing professionally, and have had charge of his training camps and directed all his work. He is easy to handle, and, never having been out of condition, requires little work. Besides, he is young, shows no tendency toward fat, and never has to work off weight."

I asked her whether boxing is good or bad for the morals of those engaged.

"GOOD!" she said. "An athlete must live a clean life, keep his mind and body clean. I have two of the cleanest boys ever born. Their morals are better than those of any minister I ever knew, and they are clean and innocent in thought and deed.

"Whether this is due to athletics or not I don't know. I believe if a boy is going to be a good boy he will be no matter what business he is in, and if he is going to be bad he'll be bad whether he is a fighter or a preacher. But athletics, especially boxing, tend to make boys better and induce them to give more thought to themselves, more poise and self-control.

"And don't forget that I have two boys. 'Babe' is coming right along. He was developing rapidly as a boxer when he had a fall and tore the ligaments of an ankle, and he has had to lay off. He is about ready to start again, and maybe some day it will be brother against brother for the championship, with 'Paw' back of one boy and 'Maw' back of the other. And whichever one I second will be champion."

THE END

ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

A Thrilling Serial Novel — *By George Barr McCutcheon*

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

Out of the frying pan into the fire! Romeo, running from girls in general, and one girl in particular, to become a hermit, tumbles into the midst of five charming, beautiful, entrancing dryads —nymphs of the forest.

THE SCENE

The home of the *Barrons* at Moon Village.

PERSONS IN THE STORY

Romeo Egerton, age twenty-three, tall, athletic, horn rimmed spectacles. Just out of college. Timid as a mouse by day, brave as a lion by night. Vocation: being in love with *Eulora.*

Eulora Oglethorpe, age nineteen, big gray eyes, mop of blonde hair, petite, efficient, self-reliant, heiress to *Oglethorpe* millions. Vocation: being in love with *Romeo.*

Oswald Oglethorpe, millionaire business man from Philadelphia, with summer home at Upper Slate Bend, Vermont. Principal vocation: being *Eulora's* father.

Antietam Craig, elderly legal adviser to *Barron* family and uncle of *Ferdinand.* Small, slight, snow white hair; keen, humorous eyes.

Ferdinand Hadberry, age thirty, dark, heavily built.

Elijah Bounce, age more than ninety, straggling gray hair and beard, small, frail looking, but wiry, shrewd; keen face, bright, twinkling eyes. Grave digger and sexton at Moon Village.

Mrs. Philemon Barron, age more than eighty, small, slight, white hair, sweet, but autocratic, type of shrewd, keen New England dowager.

Susannah Hadberry, Nancy, Elizabeth, Martha, and Cornelia Barron — *Mrs. Barron's* granddaughters. Known as "The Five Beautiful Barrons," under which title they give entertainments — singing, playing, reciting, and classic dancing.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

Romeo and *Mr. Oglethorpe* having quarreled over the former's desire to marry the latter's daughter and having repudiated each other as possible father-in-law and son-in-law, *Romeo* is persuaded by *Eulora* to elope. They plan to meet at Blackville Junction, but at the last minute he receives a letter postponing the elopement until after her birthday, when she is to receive a new car from her father. Hurt at being asked to play second fiddle to an automobile, *Romeo* decides to put her out of his life forever.

He becomes involved in a quarrel between *Craig* and his nephew and knocks the latter down. *Ferdinand* having gone away, vowing never to return, *Craig* explains that the young man is deserting his post as manager of the entertainment enterprises of *The Five Barrons,* and also his wife, *Susannah,* who had been married to him to save one or the other of her sisters from that fate (*Ferdinand* was in love with all of them) and had then immediately refused to have anything to do with her husband in name only. *Craig* induces *Romeo* to accompany him to Moon Village to apply for the vacant managerial post, and on the way details the history of the deserted village and its nine surviving population—the *Barrons,* their two servants, and *Elijah Bounce.*

At the old homestead of the *Barrons Romeo* is pleasantly received by *Mrs. Barron* who, after some questions, announces that he is satisfactory to her but will have to pass the test of the girls. Then she leaves him, ill at ease, to await the arrival of the five unknowns.

"Won't you have some fried chicken, Romeo?" inquired a low voice at his shoulder.

THE first of the terrifying maidens appeared in the door. She did not pause, but came directly into the room. Behind her, in broken order, came the other four.

Romeo stared in blank amazement, quite forgetting his manners. The five of them wore light brown "bloomers" with white blouses, flaring open at the throat. They were bare headed, their hair somewhat disarranged by the wind and the exertion of the dance they had been practicing. To any one save the startled Romeo it would have been evident that each one had hastily twisted and coiled her hair upon the crown of her tousled head; doubtless the finishing touches had been attempted in haphazard fashion, with hasty tucks and pats and pins, just outside the sitting room door.

They were not at all what he had imagined they would be, in no sense, shape, or style.

Between the appearance of the first and the last of the Barron girls he was obliged to dispose of five separate and distinct creatures of the imagination. He had been prepared to face a group of awkward, self-conscious country girls with a verdant sort of prettiness that appeals to nice old men and amorous yokels. And here he was facing something utterly different.

They were of an astonishing uniformity in height, pulchritude, and grace. Tall even in the white "sneakers" they wore on their black stockinged feet—five foot seven was his guess —they were straight backed, straight limbed, lithe young women, perfect examples of human springtime in all its glory. And they were so unbelievably pretty that Romeo neglected to bow—as any polite young gentleman certainly would have done—and they were so frankly interested in *him* that they, too, omitted the apparently unnecessary formality.

Ten extremely bright, searching albeit lovely eyes taking him in from head to foot from five separate and distinct angles. His six foot one and a half of masculine bulk seemed suddenly to shrink into what he afterwards was wont to describe as a "small potato."

It was Susannah who first entered the room, and it was she who addressed Mr. Egerton in a cool, matter of fact voice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HANDY AS A STAMP BILLIONS IN USE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

"Mr. Craig informs us that you have come to apply for the position just vacated by Mr. Hadberry."

Nothing nasal or unpleasant about the voice. Just a clear, calm contralto of a most agreeable quality.

Her statement—it was by no means a question—had the effect of halting Romeo's wandering gaze.

"Mr. Craig thought perhaps I might be persuaded to take Mr. Hadberry's place for a few months," said he, resenting the imputation that he was seeking the situation.

Susannah smiled. A most engaging smile, thought he.

"I suppose we are to do the persuading," she remarked, but not at all uncivilly.

"I—I guess I shouldn't have put it just that way," he apologized, allowing his features to relax into a broad, embarrassed grin.

"My grandmother approves of you, Mr. Egerton."

"Well," he began, floundering for a response, "she is an extremely old woman. Old women—always seem to take to me."

Some one tittered. Romeo ventured a sweeping glance. They were all smiling. Ah, this was better! He began to feel the warm blood coursing through his body again. They were regular girls, after all. Jolly, good natured girls.

"We may as well sit down," said Susannah, rather primly. "Sit there, Mr. Egerton, if you please," indicating a chair beside the hearth facing the windows. "Now we can talk better. As I was saying, my grandmother thinks well of you." She sat down near the door. The other four dropped limply into widely scattered seats and sighed with the undisguised relish of fatigue. "In the first place, Mr. Egerton, are you married?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

"When the opportunity presents itself," confessed Romeo. "I smoke a pipe, too. Can't go cigarets. If I bump my elbow or stub my toe, I swear a little, and sometimes when I am playing golf or tying a full dress tie."

He ventured another look and found no one smiling. This was a little disconcerting, as he rather counted on their sense of humor. They were regarding him with serious, expectant eyes. There was nothing to indicate that they had been shocked by his numerous vices, however. Susannah surprised him by saying:

"Any one of us will be pleased to fix your tie for you if it bothers you. You will, of course, be expected to wear a Tuxedo on the nights of our performances. Have you one?"

"A dinner coat? O, yes. In my trunk."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Winter? No-July!

What are they sitting on? Mount Victoria. Where are they going? Down...a mile a minute. Who's that in front? The Swiss guide. Who's that laughing hardest, feeling youngest...the one who ate all the bacon ... and slept under six red blankets in the stone hut on Abbott Pass, sky-high among the glaciers—near Lake Louise...who hasn't a care in the world...nor a wish except for something more to eat?...*You!*

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Canadian Pacific *It Spans the World*

Romeo stared in blank amazement, quite forgetting his manners.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

"Are we to understand that you cannot remain with us after Christmas?" inquired Susannah.

He was beginning to think that Susannah was the prettiest of the lot. She possessed a slight advantage over the others because, being the eldest, she had been pretty longer than any of them.

"I expect to go to Washington the first of the year," he said.

Susannah's brow clouded.

"That's a pity," she said, after a moment.

"You probably will be glad to be rid of me by that time, if not long before," he said fatuously.

The youngest one—the one with wavy golden hair—spoke up from her seat on the piano bench.

"The thing is that just about the time we would be getting you trained you'd be leaving us," she said, frowning. "Ferdinand was around here for nearly a year, and he never *did* learn how to manage us."

"My sister means as a troupe, not as individuals," said Susannah. He thought he detected a slight flush in her cheeks. "You must see, Mr. Egerton, how annoying it would be to have you leave right in the middle of our season."

"I might arrange it so that I could stay on till March or April," broke in Romeo, vastly to his own consternation.

"That is better. But even that wouldn't be quite long enough. We usually give a number of entertainments in May and June."

"It is barely possible my uncle would let me off till May," conceded Romeo, but quite determined not to grant another month or even a fraction of a month. "He is a Congressman, you know."

"I am sure he would," said Susannah, with a perfectly straight face, "if you were to write and explain to him that you really don't believe you can get over being a hermit until spring is pretty far advanced."

Romeo turned scarlet. "You—you mustn't pay any attention to what Mr. Craig says. I was only—er—joshing him, if you know what I mean."

"Be that as it may," said she, sagely, "it seems only fair to give spring a chance. I should imagine it would be comparatively easy to be a hermit in the winter time when it is too cold to get out much and everything is snowed in besides. I think you would find it quite different in the spring, Mr. Egerton."

"As I say, I was only joshing him——"

"Then you don't intend to be a hermit?"

"Not if I can help it," replied Romeo vigorously.

"Don't you think you could arrange to stay on through June and perhaps a week or so in July?"

"I—I should have to take it up with my uncle," said Romeo in a tone which was meant to indicate doggedness but didn't.

"Well, that point being satisfactorily settled, Mr. Egerton," said Susannah, serenely, "we can now get down to business. Naturally, we could not very well discuss details until we knew that you would be able to stay on with us through the spring season, which, by the way, is a very busy one for us. We specialize in open air performances during the late spring and early summer. Al fresco concerts, you know."

"Moonlight affairs," said Elizabeth.

"We sometimes call them misty mysteries," added Cornelia. "People seem to enjoy music and dancing in the pale moonlight."

"Romantic," was all that Romeo could think of to say.

"Were you in the army, Mr. Egerton?" inquired Susannah.

"I was. Had to lie in order to get in. I was only seventeen, you see. Served as a private in the A. E. F. Quite a number of us went from Indiana without being drafted."

He involuntarily squared his shoulders and straightened his back.

"I am glad to hear that you were a soldier.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[*By* William R. Durgin]

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WAVEX

The Curling Hair Brush

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

You must have looked well in a uniform."

"As well as could be expected," he confessed modestly.

"Will you be good enough to stand up?" was Susannah's surprising request.

He arose, drawing himself to his full height. The girls appeared to be measuring him with practiced eyes.

"What do you think, girls?" inquired Susannah.

"I don't think they will fit him," decided Elizabeth. "His legs are too long. Wouldn't you say so, Martha?"

As if drawn by a magnet, the four younger girls collected about Susannah, forming a little knot near the door, from which rather advantageous position they continued to contemplate him with something of the speculative interest that is bestowed upon a prize pig at the live stock show.

"It would simplify matters if they were a little shorter," agreed Martha. "But his legs can be taken care of easily enough. It's his arms that worry me. I never saw such long arms."

SUSANNAH shook her head. "I am afraid we will have to buy a complete new costume for him."

A horrible thought assailed Romeo. He turned a fiery red and then a sickly white.

"Say, look here," he half snorted, "if you think I'm going to wear bloomers—if you think I'm going to wear anybody else's bloomers, you are very much——"

A wild shriek of laughter greeted this unfinished speech. Five charming heads were thrown back the better to release the peals of mirth that issued unrestrained from as many joyous throats. Then five sun browned hands were clapped to ten red, unruly lips, reducing the outburst to a chorus of stifled squeaks. Susannah was the first to recover, and even then only partially.

"O, my goodness," she managed to cry with some measure of control, "we—we have no intention of asking you to wear bloomers, Mr. Eger-Egerton. We were only trying to decide whether Ferdinand's uniform would fit you."

"His what?"

"Uniform. We have a special uniform or 'livery that you will have to wear while driving the bus. A gray blue coat with brass buttons and gold braid, and red trousers with black stripes down the sides. It is most effective and attracts a great deal of attention as we travel through the country. Very smart and picturesque. I have been thinking, girls, that we can put boots or puttees on him, so it really won't matter if the trousers are several inches too short."

"We *could* get him a long pair of gauntlets," mused Elizabeth.

"It would be cheaper to piece

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"My advice to you, Romeo, is not to marry one of 'em."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

the sleeves out with long, tan colored cuffs, trimming them with gold braid. We have all the material and it would not take us an hour to make them. What do you think?"

"Great!" exclaimed the relieved chorus.

"We shall probably have to let the coat out a little in the seams, too. He seems broader than Ferdinand. If necessary we can take it apart and fit it to him. Don't be alarmed, Mr. Egerton. We make all of our own costumes, you know. You may depend upon us to see that you don't look a fright."

"Before we go any farther," said Romeo hastily, "I feel it is my duty to inform you that I am—er—engaged to be married."

Romeo's announcement did not cause the sensation that he thought it would. They took it very calmly. Susannah merely remarked:

"How quaint! I've never heard of a hermit being engaged before. One more question, Mr. Egerton, and then we are through. But first let us settle the matter of the uniform. Are you willing to wear it?"

ROMEO shrugged his shoulders. He was in complete subjection by this time. "O, I don't mind a little thing like that. As a matter of fact, I was a great hand for dressing up in queer garments when I was a boy. Indian costumes and all that."

"O, by the way, do you dance?" inquired Susannah.

"Do you mean—er—fancy dances? Nymphy dances?"

"Dear me, no. The two step, fox trot—that sort of thing."

His heart began to beat very rapidly. He also flushed a little as his gaze swept the graceful group. "I know how to dance all the latest things—but I'm as awkward as a camel."

"That doesn't matter. She won't know the difference. Grandmama is perfectly mad about dancing. Isn't it wonderful? At her age? And if you don't know how to play cribbage you will have to let her teach you."

Romeo's jaw fell, but his gallantry remained at its highest level. "Nothing could give me more pleasure than to dance with that dear old lady. There isn't a girl in all this world I'd rather dance with."

"We will leave you for a little while," said Susannah, biting her lips. "We sha'n't be long. Just a few minutes at the outside. Then we will let you know what we have decided."

They trooped out of the room.

In a sort of daze Romeo sat down and mopped his forehead with the back of his hand.

It was Elizabeth who came back, alone.

"We have decided to take you, Mr. Egerton," she said with a smile.

Her eyes were blue and soft. She had a lovely chin. Romeo experienced another swift and bewildering transition. She was unquestionably the prettiest of them all.

"Thank you, Miss Barron," he said, bowing. "I shall certainly do my best to satisfy you. I will be a greenhorn at the job, but I—I guess I can learn if you will only be patient with me."

"The vote was unanimous," she announced, her smile deepening.

"That's good," he said, and grinned.

"Now, if you will get your belongings, Hester will show you to your room. It was Ferdinand's up to the time he left. We have dinner at one-thirty today. Hester rings a bell. One o'clock is the usual time. Please be prompt. Supper at six-thirty. Breakfast at seven. These are grandma's rules, not ours."

HE followed her out of the room. "Your grandmother made a great hit with me," he remarked. "She's wonderful. I hope I don't disappoint her. You see, she took me at my face value, Miss Barron," he concluded whimsically.

"That is another one of her rules," said she gravely, "taking people at their face value. You must call me Elizabeth," she went on, over her shoulder. "That is one of *our* rules."

He detained her with a hasty "Pardon me," and then added in a lowered tone: "Am I to address your sister as Mrs. Hadberry?"

Elizabeth pondered, hesitating. "How very odd! Now that I think of it, no one has ever called her Mrs. Hadberry. She wouldn't know what to make of it if any one did." She knitted her brows, obviously perplexed. "Of course she *is* Mrs. Hadberry. That's the awful part of it."

"Perhaps I'd better call her Miss Barron."

"I am afraid that would complicate matters," she said, thoughtfully. "You see, you are not supposed to call any of us Miss Barron except when you are in the uniform of a chauffeur. As a menial you naturally wouldn't be expected or permitted to call us anything else. When you are acting in the capacity of manager and ticket taker and are wearing a Tuxedo you will be obliged to speak of us and to us more or less formally as Miss Elizabeth, Miss Martha, and so on. But when you are in your everyday clothes and, after a fashion, one of us, so to speak, as *you* say, why—well, we save an awful lot of time and breath by cutting out the Miss and the Mister. I may say that when you are the chauffeur you will be spoken to as Egerton. You become Mr. Egerton the instant you put on your Prince Albert and silk hat or your Tuxedo——"

"My silk hat?" gulped Romeo, aghast.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

"But around the place here and in private you will be called Romeo by all of us," she concluded, "including Hester Flake and Jim. Here is Hester now, to show you to your room. Get your suitcase, please, and hurry. You know where Romeo is to go, don't you, Hester?"

Hester's lips relaxed into a slow grin. "Out to the bridal chamber," she replied, and chuckled.

"Now Hester," reproached Elizabeth, blushing.

"Don't stand there talking, Elizabeth," ordered Hester. "You've got to bathe and change your clothes and it's your turn next. Be as spry as you know how, too, 'cause your Grandma's upset enough as it is, what with putting dinner off for half an hour and arguing with 'Tietam Craig about what he claims she still owes Ferdinand, and——"

But Elizabeth, two steps at a time, had bounded up the stairs and was sprinting down an invisible hallway.

A MINUTE or two later Romeo was being conducted to his room. He was first led through the rather commodious dining room and out upon a narrow side porch, partially inclosed by lattice work; it was, as a matter of fact, an exterior passageway running the full length of the house. In transit he passed half a dozen windows, all open. Two of them belonged to the kitchen, another to the laundry, two more opened into what appeared to be a combination living room and bedroom. The sixth and last window was his. Beyond this was the woodshed, the implement room, the smokehouse, and the barn, approached by a boardwalk extension of the porch.

He wondered vaguely, uneasily, what had become of Mr. Craig.

Hester opened a door and, standing aside, pointed. "Here's where you go, Romeo. I put fresh sheets on the bed this morning, and you'll find fresh towels and things. I knew Ferdinand Hadberry would never come back." She lowered her voice. "My advice to you, Romeo, is not to marry one of 'em. Ferdinand had a wonderful time till he got married. Happy and free as a lark, he was. If he'd been anybody but Ferdinand Hadberry I would have felt sorry for him. But you just couldn't feel sorry for Ferdinand. At least, no woman could. No woman can feel sorry for a man who hasn't got any backbone. He cussed a lot, but *that* ain't backbone, to my way of thinking. Well, hurry along, now. Wash up, and when you hear the bell come to the dining room."

While he was staring about the room Hester closed the door behind him and went shuffling down to the kitchen.

It was a fair sized room with a ceiling so low that he felt inclined to stoop—as all tall men feel when they enter rooms not more than eight feet high. There were bright chintzes at the windows, a sprightly paper on the wall, and a multicolored rag carpet on the floor. He was quick to note that there were screens in the windows.

A few pictures adorned the walls—five of them, he counted—evidently framed and hung by the departed husband of Susannah.

Setting his bag down on the floor, Romeo made the circuit of the room, peering intently at each picture in turn. Five large photographs in sepia of the five Barron sisters. Beautiful pictures of beautiful, smiling girls. Alas, poor Ferdinand! No wonder he did not know which way to turn! And what a frank, ingenuous tribute he paid to his own lack of decision when he hung all five of them.

Later on, as he was drying his face and hands at the washstand, Romeo allowed his gaze to wander from face to face and sustained a queer little shock. By one of those strange, pictorial illusions, every one of those girls was looking straight at him from her crude little frame. The five pairs of eyes followed him wherever he went.

Just then the dinner bell rang.

Mr. Craig was waiting for him on the porch outside the dining room door.

"What do you think of 'em?" he inquired as Romeo came up.

The young man took a few seconds to carefully weigh his reply.

"They seem to be very nice girls," he said, affecting indifference. "And rather pretty," he added as an afterthought.

"Umph!" grunted the old lawyer. "Come along; dinner's ready."

MRS. BARRON was already seated at the head of the oblong table when they entered the room. Three of the girls came in hurriedly and went directly to their places. They looked very cool and dainty in muslin frocks. He was aware of a sharp sense of relief. He had been afraid that they would appear in white and perhaps soiled middy blouses—which he abominated.

"Sit here, Mr. Egerton," directed Mrs. Barron, indicating the chair at her left. "Over here, Antietam, on my right. I always like to have young men about me."

"Thanks," said Mr. Craig.

Turning to the young man, Mrs. Barron said: "You will sit at table with us, Mr. Egerton, except when you are on duty as chauffeur. At such times you will eat in the kitchen with Hester Flake and Jim." Noting the queer expression on his face, she smiled. "We will, however, contrive to have you off duty as much as possible at mealtime. Ah, here we are."

Cornelia came dashing into the room, flushed and pouting. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to care for

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

was buttoning something at her side as she came in.

Mrs. Barron said grace. Romeo allowed his gaze to roam furtively about the table as he sat with bent head. One of the girls was missing. He wasn't quite sure which one it was. Moreover, there was no place kept at the table for her in case she materialized later on.

At this juncture the mystery was explained. Hester entered the dining room, bearing viands. She was followed by the missing girl, also bearing viands. The latter was enveloped in a capacious blue gingham apron. Her thick, fawny hair was coiled upon the crown of her head, and there was a little white maid's cap perched jauntily on the top of it.

"Ah," said Mr. Craig, beamingly; "so it is your week, Nancy, to wait upon royalty. Bless my soul, how it improves and encourages the appetite to have a pretty waitress about. When I was here a month ago it was Martha's turn. My dear Romeo, if there is one thing above another that this historic establishment prides itself upon, it is the beauty of its serving maids. Ah, my lad, if I were as young as you I, too, would be a hermit provided I could stumble upon a retreat like this. I don't suppose there ever has been a hermit in all the world's history who had home made so attractive for him as you. What other hermit——"

"How about old St. Anthony?" piped up Cornelia.

"I don't think it is very kind of you, Mr. Craig, to make Romeo blush like that," said Susannah.

"And what's more," cried Elizabeth, "we know something that you don't know. Romeo isn't going to be a hermit. He has changed his mind. Haven't you, Romeo?"

Romeo's face was scarlet. "I—I tried to make it clear that I was only joking when I told——"

"Of course, he was only joking," broke in Mrs. Barron, casting a severe look at Mr. Craig. "No more of this, if you please."

"Won't you have some of the fried chicken, Romeo?" inquired a low voice at his shoulder. He twisted his head suddenly and beheld Nancy. There was a hunted, harassed look in his eyes, and she noticed it. "Don't pay any attention to them, Romeo," she murmured, smiling down at him—a rather tender, sympathetic understanding smile that went straight to his heart, causing it to leap toward her in gratitude, even as a dog wags his tail in response to a kind word. "Take plenty, do. Mr. Craig says you had nothing at all for breakfast."

HE shot a surprised look at Mr. Craig, who took that instant to cover his mouth with his napkin. Romeo recalled his prodigious feast of griddle cakes, fried eggs, doughnuts, apple pie, and coffee at the Blackville lunchroom, and also Mr. Craig's doleful envy.

"Did he say—O, thanks, you're awfully kind," he mumbled and helped himself from the big platter.

"Do you believe in dryads, Romeo?" asked Elizabeth.

"I—I beg pardon?"

Somewhere in his subconscious mind there struggled up the vivid impression that this very question, or one singularly like it, had been put to him by some one else at some other time and in entirely different surroundings. Some one else had asked him if he believed in——

"She means fairies," said Cornelia, and then it all came back to him. Only three nights ago, in a moonlit garden, Eulora Oglethorpe had asked in a soft, ecstatic whisper if he believed in fairies.

"Absolutely," he said, giving precisely the same answer that had surged from his lips on that other occasion. "Only I've never heard 'em called dryads before."

"These woods of ours are full of fairies," began Elizabeth, only to be interrupted by her grandmother.

"They get all such nonsense from their mother, who was a perfect fool about certain things. When the girls were tiny little bits of creatures she used to take them out in the woods or into the garden or down by the brook, and tell them tales about fairies, and she made them believe that fairies lived in the trees and flowers and the fern banks. And they believe it to this day. I never believed in them. I've never told these girls a fairy story in my life. Stick to facts, stick to the realities, that is my principle."

There was a moment's silence, and then Susannah, voicing what was no doubt uppermost in the minds of all her sisters, said:

"You ought to hear some of granny's ghost stories, Mr. Craig. She can tell them by the hour, and—oo-oh—they're shivery. I've had gooseflesh all over me loads of times even after I'd been in bed for hours."

"There is some sense in ghost stories," said Mrs. Barron, sharply. "By the way, Romeo, while we are on the subject, do you believe in ghosts?"

Romeo started. "I—I can't say that I do. I used to, I suppose. I hope I've outgrown them. There is no such thing."

"My dear young man, don't be too sure of that," was the sententious rejoinder of the little old lady in black.

"That's one reason why Granny didn't like Ferdinand," said Martha. "She couldn't make him believe in ghosts."

"I'd just as soon believe in 'em as not," said Romeo, obligingly. "Men like Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle believe in them."

HUGH FULLERTON

IT'S A WISE MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN TO DISOBEY!

Doc Lane, the baseball pitcher, had a bad case of the obeys. Implicit obedience was all he knew, and he was utterly lacking in imagination. Just obeying orders to the letter was his idea of the perfect baseball player—and the idea of others was that he was the perfect bonehead! And so——

READ ORDERS IS ORDERS

By Hugh Fullerton

In the Next Issue of LIBERTY

Out June 11th

"There isn't a more truthful man living than Elijah Bounce," said the old lady, warming up to the subject. "He can tell you some very remarkable stories about what he has seen and heard in the graveyard at the witching hour of midnight. Not very long ago, for instance, he sat side by side on a grave out there with the shade of Rachel Harmon, who has been dead for nearly sixty years. I remember her as a very pretty young girl here in the village. She drowned herself in the race the second night after Mr. Barron and I were married. She——"

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Craig, loudly—and, for reasons of his own, repeatedly.

THAT first meal in the grim old home of the Barrons was one never to be forgotten by the impressionable Romeo. Much that was pleasant and agreeable and jolly about it was offset by a strange, inexplicable something that he afterwards defined as "unique."

Shortly after dinner, in charge of Jim Flake, the handy man, he was taken over the place on a tour of inspection. They were accompanied by Mr. Craig and two large Newfoundland dogs. The dogs appeared to be quite friendly.

The signs of age were visible everywhere, yet, strange to say, there was no indication of decay. The outbuildings were stanch old structures, kept in good repair and in excellent order by the faithful Flake, but the pigpens and the sheepfold were comparatively new, as was the commodious shed in which Tessie, the motorbus, shared standing room with a saucy looking sedan.

Tessie was something to behold. Romeo gazed upon "her" in wonder not unmixed with dismay. What "she" had been in the beginning only her maker knew; in her present condition she was a cross between a caravan and a moving van—or, still worse, a hearse and a circus wagon. Romeo took Tessie in at a glance. It was easy to take her in at a glance, for the quite simple reason that, with Tessie in the line of vision, it was impossible to see anything else.

Tessie was golden brown in color, trimmed with blue. On second thought, it would be better to say that she was embroidered in blue. The two windows on either side of her long body were set in wide blue colored sashes edged with a lacelike design of the same hue. In front of the forward windows and a little below the line of the same were circular designs perhaps two feet in diameter, bearing (in correct blue and gold letters) the words:

THE
FIVE
BARRONS.

She jutted out several feet beyond the rear axle, somewhat after the fashion of a bustle, and one got into her and out of her by means of a door and two steps located at the end of this extension. There were cream colored sash curtains at the windows. A sort of superstructure or miniature penthouse graced Tessie's back. It was about two feet high and ran almost the full length of the top. The girls called this the "attic," for it was up here that the trunks and "props" were stored when in transit.

The seats, upholstered in black leather, ran along the sides, with a roomy passage between them. They were couches rather than seats, and there was room for eight people, without squeezing. Immediately back of the driver's seat was a cupboard with a door that lowered

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Nails must be lovely" says Dame Fashion

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

and became at once a table. (He was to discover later on that luncheon was frequently served in Tessie's interior.) The space above the cupboard was reserved for small handbags and such odds and ends as "The Five Barrons" carried with them on their trips. It was all very cozy and complete and compact.

The driver's seat was provided with a collapsible hood which could be folded or unfolded, according to the dictates of the weather. Romeo experienced a queer sense of revolt as he stood off and pictured himself on bright, sunny days sitting upright and resplendent at Tessie's wheel, fairly pushed into public notice by the domineering juggernaut at his back.

He was not allowed much time to get acquainted with Tessie. Jim Flake had other work to do and he wanted to get at it.

So he sped up the tour of the premises.

What impressed Romeo most was the singular tidiness of everything connected with the barn and its immediate surroundings. The contrast between this spotless, orderly little domain and the utter devastation which enveloped it was almost beyond understanding. He now observed what had escaped attention on his arrival, the grass in the yard was neatly mowed, the flower beds were well cared for, the gravel walks were cleanly raked and lined with whitewashed boulders; only the outer walls of the residence itself were drab and scaly as if touched by the same searing blight that had laid its mantle of decay upon the rest of Moon Village.

His thoughts leaped back to the picture of old Elijah Bounce trimming the mounds in the graveyard —that grotesque old figure swinging his scythe to the lilt of a bygone age—and a fresh wonder grew in his soul. Could such a place as this be real? Was it not, after all, a creation of his own excited imagination—something to be destroyed by the awakening that was bound to come?

"COME on, Romeo. What you stoppin' for?" This from Jim Flake, who was about as real as anything could be.

"Here's the well-room," he continued, halting before a door just back of the kitchen. Romeo entered behind him, Mr. Craig remaining outside.

The well was in the center of a small room adjoining the kitchen, protected against winter and summer winds alike. Romeo had never seen one of these old house-wells. The opening, perhaps three feet in diameter, was surrounded by a low stone wall on which rested the ancient windlass. The ironbound bucket, dripping with moisture, reposed on the ledge; attached to its handle was the rope by which it was lowered to the water far below. Jim Flake was disposed to be facetious.

"Far as I know, nobody has ever drowned himself in this here well. Which is sayin' a good deal when you come to consider how fashionable it used to be for people to drown themselves in—why, say, I know of three cisterns and a waterin' trough in this town that have had people took out of 'em dead, to say nothin' of the millrace. Well, I guess I've showed you about everything there is to see around the place, Romeo, so I'll get back to work. See you later."

Romeo ran his fingers through his sandy thatch as he stood in the door watching Jim Flake shuffle off toward the barn. There was something dreadfully unsettling about all these suicides. He looked around sharply to see what had become of Mr. Craig. The lawyer was sitting on a bench under an elm some distance away. His attitude was that of one in deep thought. He looked up and beckoned to Romeo.

"See here, Romeo, I want to warn you about one thing. Come a little closer. I don't want the old lady to hear. She's got uncommonly sharp ears."

"I might as well tell you right now, Mr. Craig, that it isn't necessary to warn me again about these girls," said Romeo, sitting down beside him. "I know how to take care of myself. If I remember correctly, I have said over and over again that I am through with women. I've had my lesson and I——"

"I'm not going to warn you about the girls, Romeo. It's absolutely useless to warn a young man about girls. I want to warn you about ghosts."

"Ghosts?" ejaculated Romeo.

"You heard what Mrs. Barron said about Elijah Bounce and—er —Rachel Harmon, didn't you? You are a fairly intelligent young man. What would you infer from her remark about Rachel?"

"It struck me as rather significant that she drowned herself immediately after Mr. Barron was married to another party—I mean to another girl."

"Bright boy! You make it very easy for me. All I need to say is that your inference is correct. Now old Elijah Bounce is an infernal liar. Nevertheless, Mrs. Philemon believes him to be the very essence of truth and veracity. She doesn't for an instant doubt that Rachel comes out of the grave every once in a while to hold confab with old Elijah."

In next week's issue Romeo becomes a full fledged citizen of Moon Village, answers a midnight appeal to his chivalry and keeps a ghostly tryst.

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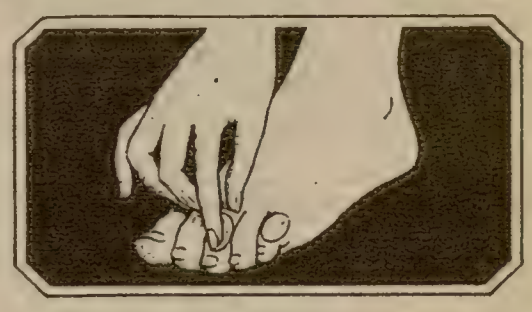

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Behind the Scenes with the Duchess of York

An Intimate Portrait of the Home Life of British Royalty

The Duchess of York.

P. & A. Photo.

The Duke and Duchess enjoy a ramble.

By Hilda Townshend

Under this pen name an Englishwoman who is on intimate terms with many of the British aristocracy, including several members of the Royal family, gives unpublished details of extraordinary interest.

PRINCES, according to American fairy story-bred imagination, wear velvet breeches and limit their activities to allowing gorgeously gowned girls to kiss their hands and occasionally, perhaps, going to the counting house to count out the money.

Princesses, according to American ideas, sit on cushions and sew fine seams while waiting for Prince Charming to come along on his white charger.

Yet in the little White Lodge in Richmond Park, Surrey, there is a princess who lives more simply, dresses more simply, and works harder than the majority of American girls do, and instead of dawdling on a silken cushion she jumps into a bath that an American girl would shudder at, does her hair in half the time it takes an American stenographer to do hers, and then, after a breakfast that a movie actress would sniff at, gets to work by nine in the morning to plan the meals and order the food.

Meantime her husband, instead of going to the counting house, jumps into a tub that would disgrace a boarding house, shaves himself, breakfasts with his bride, and goes to his office to attend to business and answer mail.

Late in the afternoon they see each other for a few minutes of leisure. They usually turn on a phonograph with a jazz record, and dance, ending with a kiss. Both sigh as they stop dancing to go and be bored at some state dinner.

If the average middle class American young man and woman on their honeymoon had to live and work the way the Duke of York, son of the King of England, and his bride (who was Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon) do, they perhaps would think themselves in hard luck and want a divorce.

It is a shame to spoil the fairy book idea of princes and princesses, but the hour by hour story of the life of the Duke and Duchess of York may change the idea considerably. The duke, like his father the king, is an early riser. And (secret) he has an alarm clock of American make which rings about 7:30 o'clock every morning excepting Sunday.

One of the admirers of the duke says that he sings in his bath, as all good humored young men do. The accuracy of that statement is challenged. Young men do not sing in cold tubs. Most of them sputter and swear, and H. R. H. the Duke of York keeps a series of snapshots of his midshipman days arranged in a row over his tub. The reason for these photographs has never been explained to the writer.

The daily life of the royal lovers, in whom all Britain and most of the world are interested, starts with the cold tub.

And such tubs! No luxurious bathroom with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE)

showers and sprays falls to the duke. His tub is built into the wall of the square Georgian house which was once the home of his mother. It has a wide wooden rim and looks like the average "public" bath in a second rate American boarding house—only worse.

MEANTIME, while the duke splutters, and perhaps chases the soap around the big tub, the duchess' maid prepares the bath for the young bride.

Putting pipes into the average English country house, miles from other households, usually is almost as great an engineering feat as building an Assuan dam, but when I visited the royal nest in Surrey I saw the new bathroom which has been prepared for the duchess. It is lined with white tile and the tub is porcelain, with shining nickel taps, American made, but the fitments are simple. My own tub in a hotel is far more luxurious.

At that, the tub in her quarters at White Lodge is better than she was accustomed to at home, for she lived much of her childhood in Glamis Castle, which was Macbeth's haunted castle, and in which the plumbing has not been changed enough to disturb the famous Shakespearean ghost.

They can afford it now, for the duke's pay was raised from $50,000 a year to $125,000 when he wooed and won Lady Elizabeth. The rumor is she had turned him down three times, and after almost all their set in England thought she was going to choose his brother, the Prince of Wales, who was an active admirer of the handsome Scotch lassie before the Duke of York determined to win her.

No one seems to know why this handsome, athletic, "peppy" girl failed to say "yes" the first three or four times the king's son (and perhaps sons) asked her, but then, you know these Scots: They are just about as proud as any Hanoverian prince ever can be, and, besides that, Miss Bowes-Lyon has a lot of blood in her veins that was royal before the Hanoverians ever got past the English Ellis Island as immigrants from Germany.

For Lady Elizabeth counts among her ancestors Robert II. of Scotland, who reigned in 1371, but the immediate family traces back to Pat Lyon, who was a real battler and, after the defeat of the Scots at Flodden Field, was one of the hostages for James I., while her great-great-great-great-great-grandmother was burned at the stake at Edinburgh Castle on a charge of conspiring to kill James V.—of which plot the unfortunate lady was afterward found innocent!

Besides all that, Lady Elizabeth had more money than the duke had. In fact, he was worth only $50,000 a year at that time, and had to pay half of that for income tax, while Lady Elizabeth's dad is the Childs-Thompson-Weeghman of Great Britain. They call them "tearooms" over there.

BUT we left the royal bride getting ready for her bath and the business of the day—and this duke and duchess business is not as soft as just going to the office and taking dictation or answering telephones. Not betraying any royal secrets—but the duchess, according to her maids, has the most perfect skin of any woman in the world. They describe it as being white as milk, and soft as roses and satin, tinted with lotus bud tints.

And (whisper) the duchess uses neither powder nor paint, but substitutes outdoor sports—tennis and golf and riding—as complexion makers, save for evening functions, when she uses a plain, unscented powder, dusted lightly on.

And she wears crepe de Chine nightgowns—pink and blue, although her mood is mostly pink.

The duchess jumps out of her bed in the most historic room in the old house, the room in which, nearly thirty years ago, the Prince of Wales was born—and from its looks the same beds are there. The room is not large, and the two huge wooden beds occupy most of the space.

After the bath the duchess withdraws to her tiny dressing room, where a new fireplace has been built. The maid dresses her hair, or pretends to, for the duchess does most of the arrangements. Her fine brown tresses she wears with a short fringe in front, and all efforts of the hairdressers to persuade her to wear an American hair net are unavailing.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE SAYS:

"A woman will do nearly anything to look like the first cousin to a pencil." Are you—er—fat, and have you been trying to reduce? Read THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME, by Anne Rittenhouse, in the next issue of LIBERTY. It's packed with laughs—and thoughts!

WATCH FOR IT ON JUNE 11TH.

The average stenographer would turn up her nose at the frocks the duchess prefers. Her tastes are quiet. She dislikes frills and likes tweeds and knitted and homespun stuffs for morning wear, and saxe blue and white crepe de Chine frocks for afternoon.

Her manicurist occupies a few minutes, and while she spreads her dainty, slender, but strong fingers upon the silk cushion the duke waits, usually attired in plain tweeds, wondering what the delay of breakfast is about. Breakfast is at eight. Unless they are indisposed, early rising is the rule, and the institution of breakfast in bed is unknown.

They meet at breakfast in a sunny white and red room, and the meal is solid—with heavy dishes that would offend Sadie, accustomed to toast and grapefruit. They both love marmalade, bacon, and sausage.

Immediately after breakfast the duke goes to his office, a small room papered in deep green and furnished with almond green chairs and a big working desk and table, on which a radio set with loud speaker sits. For the duke, when not engaged in state and social matters, is a radio bug and something of a mechanical genius.

The duke handles his voluminous mail—and probably answers more letters than the average American business man can dictate in a day. When he needs help he rings for Wing Commander Louis Grieg, who was with him in the air service, and is his friend and chum Commander Grieg aids with advice.

MEANTIME the duchess rings for the royal housekeeper, a stately and severe Welsh woman, who lived in Buckingham Palace for years with Queen Victoria and later with Queen Mary, who loaned her to the bride. The Duke of York was her favorite among the royal children.

The duchess plans the meals with the aid of this woman. The garden provides many vegetables, but most of the marketing is done at Richmond and the meats are purchased at the little suburb of Sheen, where the butcher declares the duchess is a good buyer and knows what meats are. After going over the household marketing and the accounts, the duchess attends to her mail. Then the car is announced and the royal bride runs through the corridor and taps on a door.

"Car ready, Bertie!" she calls.

"In a mo', Beth!" he answers.

And they are off for a ride, a state call, or perhaps just a friendly little drop-in on some of their friends.

Social or state duties occupy both until late afternoon, when they have two hours almost to themselves before dressing for dinner. This leisure time they spend usually in one of the graceful wing corridors leading to the entrance hall. In one is an automatic piano and frequently the duke puts a jazz roll on and they dance.

In summer tea usually is served in the garden beneath a beautiful tree, after a set or two at tennis. Passers-by may glance across the fence and see them at tea, laughing and talking, usually with a friend or two, just like any pair of young married lovers.

As the dinner hour approaches, the duchess goes upstairs to be assisted by her maid into an evening gown, while the duke, with the aid of his valet, similarly goes through the rite of changing.

The duchess' choice of an evening gown will depend entirely upon the occasion; if she is to dine informally and *tête-à-tête* with the duke she will select one of the simple little frocks so dear to her heart. A stiffer occasion—a dinner at Buckingham Palace with her new in-laws, or at Chesterfield House, where she will be entertained by Princess Mary, her great friend of many years' duration—will demand a more ceremonious kind of dinner gown, one made of tissue or of satin, embroidered.

THE queen, who is particularly fond of White Lodge, the home of her childhood, visits her son frequently. The Prince of Wales had been there only once up to a recent date. Princess Mary has not called at her brother's new home.

Sunday is the only day when the young duke and duchess are not called upon to fulfill public engagements. Many of their week ends have, since their marriage, been spent in the country with friends, but when they are at home the evening is passed in comfortable seclusion. The duke can repair to his study and tinker with his wireless apparatus; the duchess can meander round her blue room and read one of the beautifully bound books showered upon her as wedding presents, until the gorgeous gilt clock—with a crown on the top of it and hand painted dials, presented to the duke by the citizens of Edinburgh as a gift—announces that it is bedtime—which with them usually is 11:30 o'clock.

And, in the words of Pepys the immortal, "so to bed."

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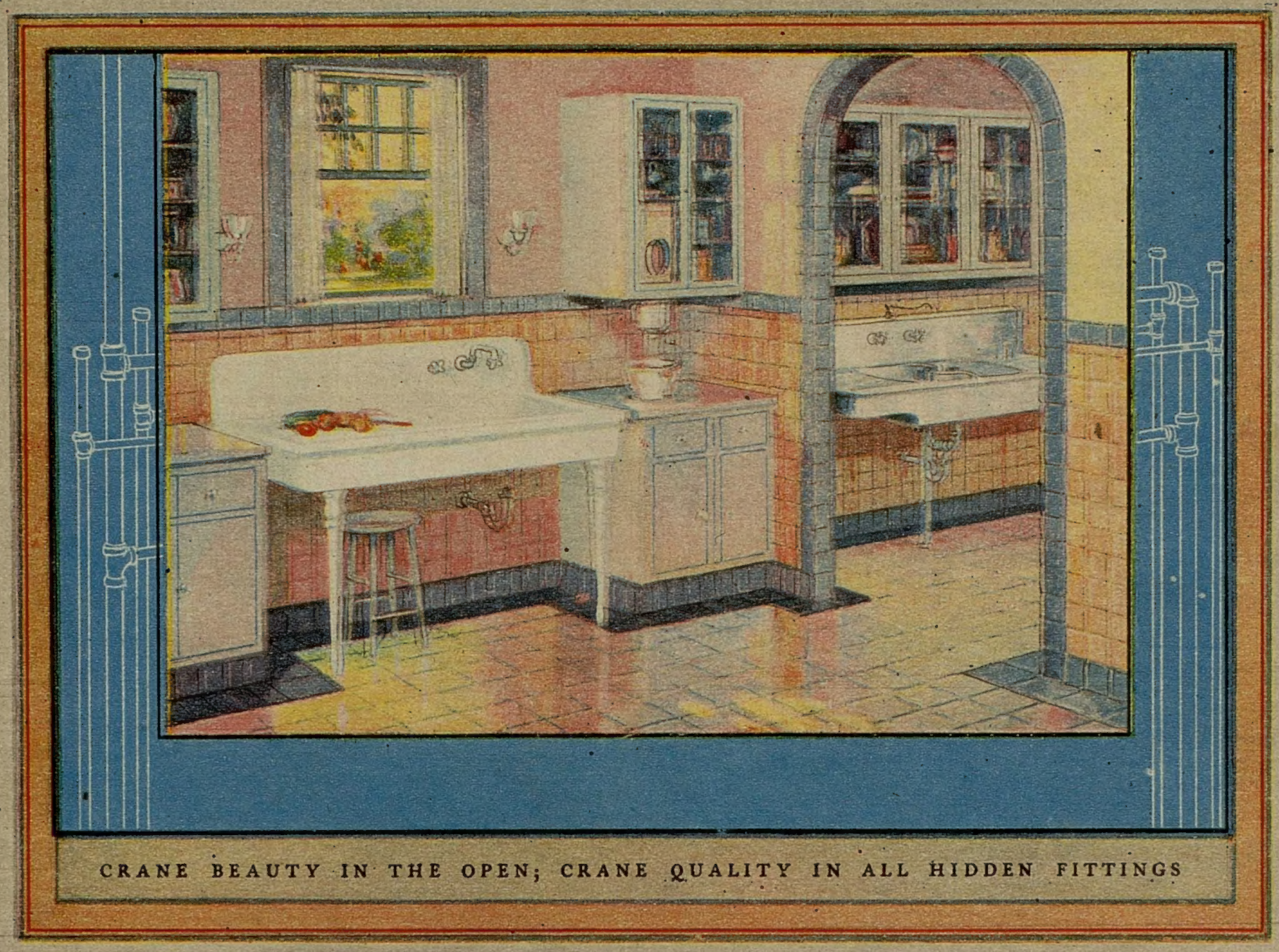

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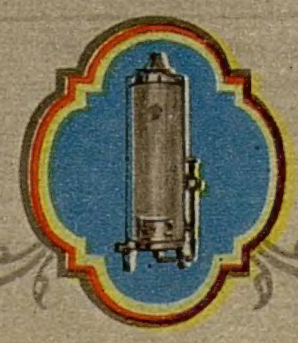

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